

November 1978

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HEAVY METAL

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The adult illustrated fantasy magazine



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photograph by Joey Green

What else? From the *National Lampoon*, one of the world's great hunters of your loose bucks, comes the T-shirt and the "softball" shirt from the first *NatLamp* film, *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Folks:

This is just to inform you that I think your politics are as psychotic and culture-bound as those of David Bowie. That "Heilman" story this issue really bummed me out. And if the cover on this issue is supposed to be an answer to feminist criticism, well, conscious or otherwise, you got to be kidding. I don't believe you revived "Barbarella," that's all. I was really enthusiastic when the magazine first appeared. I was hoping for the underground gone over. Can't those Europeans imagine anything between, beyond, or through nomadic horde apocalypse and super-sex space trek? Man a day. The whole underlying tension of your magazine is rape/sadism/bondage in all its forms. I buy your crummy magazine for one or two stories a month, and because I'm a newsstand freak of some standing, but I think I just convinced myself that your dollar and a half would be better invested with the Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.

James E. Von Looy
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Jim: But enough about us. Let's talk about you. Gettin' much? — Eds.

Dear Editors:

Ah, people! I would like now to sincerely commend you for your most estimable production, *Heavy Metal*. The artwork varies between very good and excellent; the scripting and plain (?) fiction lies also in that range somewhere; and by the time that one has completed a thorough cover-to-cover savoring, one realizes that you are rather cruel humans. You tease us with only a small portion of the type of material we would enjoy much longer than you allow. Break out the whips 'n' stings and get those artists and writers supplying a few hundred more pages each month. We could handle it, believe me.

I must say that I especially relished "Ozone Alley" in the May issue, and Biannic and Dr. Millet's contribution to the July mag.

Also, is there any way us common folk can get a hold on a poster-size reproduction of the July edition's back cover? It is magnificent.

Armand L.B. Christopherson
Springside, Saskatchewan

Dear Armand: No sooner said... the Caldwell July cover is about to be released as a poster, first in our line. (Can Heavy Metal lunch buckets be far behind?) Watch this space for publication date. — Eds.

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CONTENTS

Chain Mail, 1

... Henceforth..., 4

The New Tales of the Arabian Nights, Sindbad in the Land of Jinn, by Corben and Strnad, 6

Exterminator 17, by Bilal, 15

Orion, by Morrow, 22

The Great Trap, by Sire, 27

Gail, by Druillet, 40

The Garage, by Moebius, 45

Galactic Geographic, by Kofoed, 48

Off-Season, by Zha and Claveloux, 50

Empire, by Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin, 60

Surgical Tactics by Bissette, 80

Heilman, by Voss, 82

So Beautiful and So Dangerous, by McKie, 88

Front cover, Helen of Troy, by Marcus Boas

Back cover, May I Have a Cup of Dilithium Crystals, Please, by Bill Selby

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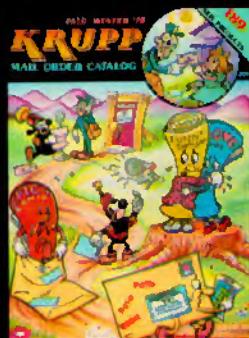
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...HENCEFORTH...

"What's Wrong with This Picture?" is a game popular with Sunday kidie page readers, Zapruder film-watchers, and, well . . . us. Every issue, we like to include a couple of little — what we in the lucrative publishing game call — "typos." It is not easy to make mistakes in a magazine that goes to press four months before it goes on sale. There is time — too much time — to make corrections. The prying eyes of managing and copy editors often spot the work of what we in the fiscally rewarding printing trade call "gremlins."

So, it was no easy task, as you can imagine, getting the pages of Ellison's "Croatoan" out of sequence in September. Palms were crossed with silver, disguises donned, tapes erased. Last month it was simple, by comparison, convincing the printer to leave author-artist Gray Morrow's name off the title panel of his strip "Orion," and having the word "calendar" dropped out of the calendar ad.

This month has been a bitch. We thought of running "Gail" backwards, but realized no one would notice. Everything else was arriving in tamper-proof packages from France and England. It looked hopeless. And then, it happened.

The Chaykin/Delany Empire book excerpt, which we had planned to run in December, got bumped forward to



this edition. Chaos, glorious chaos! Art director Workman took a run and slam-dunked 20 color pages into the middle of the book. Wonder how it'll all turn out?

Next month, if everything goes according to plan (snicker, snicker), we will have a 12-page Moebius detective story for your Yuletide delectation. But, maybe not . . .

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Sindbad in The Land of the Jinn



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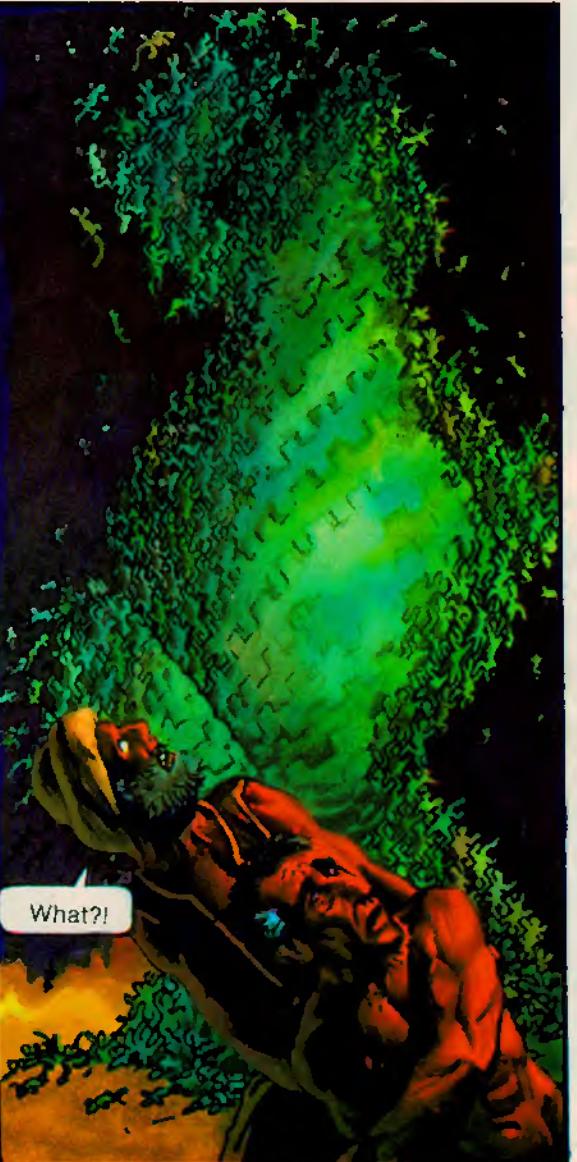


You've angered it,
Sindbad! Get up!

My arm . . .



We'll be
crushed!



What?!"

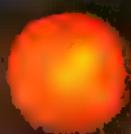
Praise Allah,
Jadar

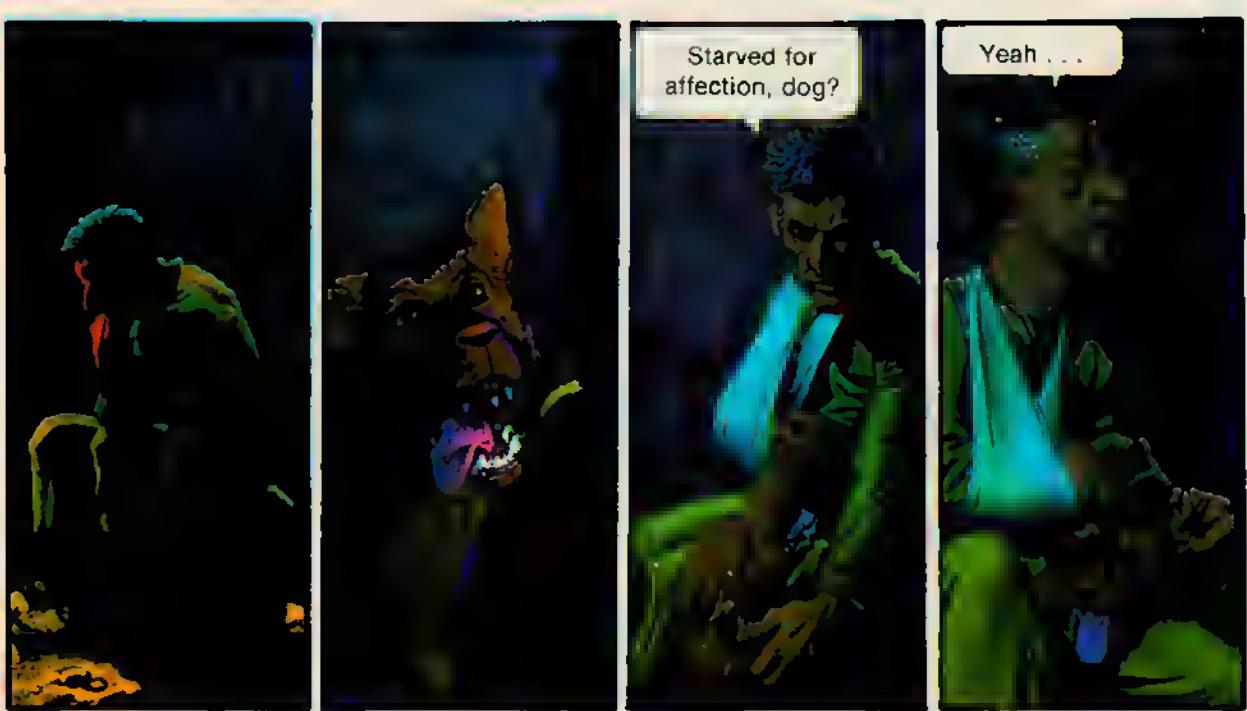
Damn that Jinni and his curse!
We should've known better,
Akissa. We caused this!

Sindbad — are
you all right?

You mean . . . you think
Al-Ra'ad's been watching us?

Probably with
great amusement.





Ketra . . .



Can we get to it from here?

Moreover — do we want to?

I don't know. I've heard stories about Ketra . . . you may be right, Behram.

Sindbad! Look!

Everyone — back!





to be continued

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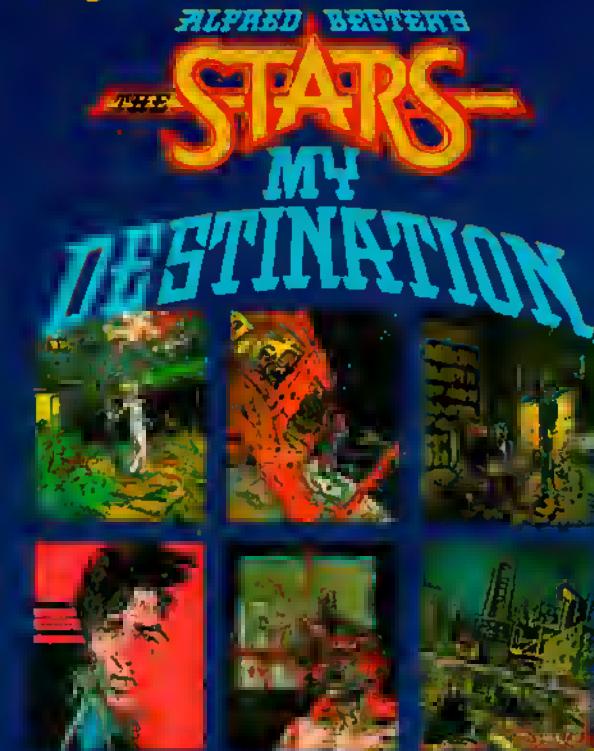
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EXTERMINATOR 17.

CENTRAL COMMAND IS ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE...AT THE EXACT MOMENT WHEN THE MASTER OF THE ANDROIDS DIED, ONE OF HIS DEACTIVATED CREATURES IN THE GALIGAI REGION STARTED MOVING AGAIN...

YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, MASTER Aouda...A DE-ACTIVATED ANDROID CAN'T COME BACK TO LIFE...

YES...I KNOW THAT, KERUSIN, AND CENTRAL COMMAND KNOWS IT AS WELL...BUT IT MAINTAINS THAT THE ANDROID—AN OLD MODEL—WAS AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE MASTER'S CEREBRAL AND NERVOUS SYSTEMS...

AND THAT HIS SPIRIT WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE ANDROID'S BODY AT THE PRECISE MOMENT HE DIED...

RUBBISH!

OUR INTELLIGENCE NETWORK, DRIFTING THROUGH SPACE, IDENTIFIED A FLUX OF PARTICLES ORIGINATING AT THE LAB BASE... THIS FLUX DISAPPEARED IN THE DIRECTION OF GATOR IN THE TIME OF HIS DEATH...

CENTRAL COMMAND CONCLUDES THAT IT'S A CASE OF TELEKINETIC TRANSFERENCE SUCH AS THOSE DESCRIBED IN CERTAIN MYTHICAL RELIGIOUS AND PARARELIGIOUS ACCOUNTS...

HE WAS UN-BALANCED...A GREAT SCIENTIST, BUT UN-BALANCED.

HE WAS SENILE.

IF THE ANDROIDS FIND OUT THAT ONE OF THEIR OWN HAS BEEN REBORN...

HE HAS TO DIE...

BUT HOW?... SINCE
WE CAN'T CALL
UPON THE
EXTERMINATORS...

THE
NEO-PURITANS
WILL TAKE
CARE OF
IT!

THOSE
CHARLATANS!

LET'S NOT
ARGUE!
CENTRAL COM-
MAND HAS SE-
LECTED THEM
AND SUMMONED
THEM... THERE'S
NOTHING MORE
TO BE SAID...

GREETINGS,
MEN OF
MUD...

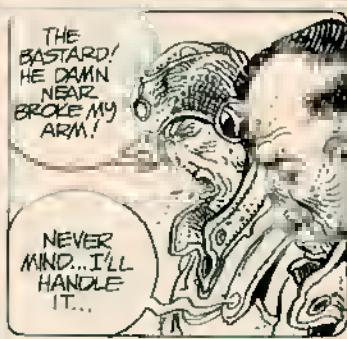
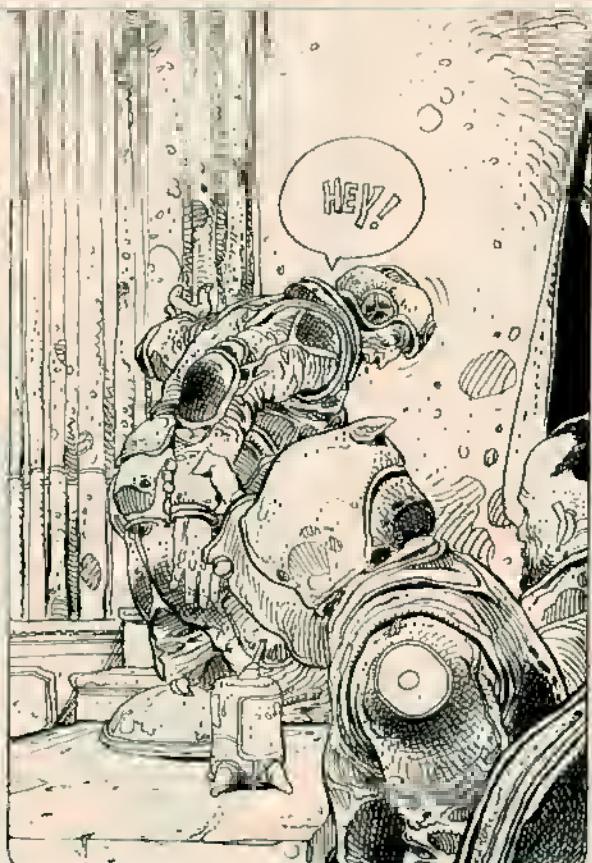
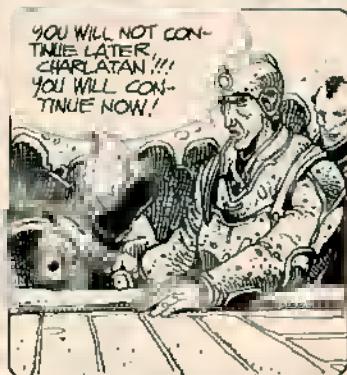
HERE'S THE
MESSENGER...

FIRST OF
ALL, I INSIST
THAT ON NO
ACCOUNT
WILL YOU
APPROACH
MI HOLO-
GRAPHIC
PRO-
JECTION

THE PURIFICATIONS
THAT I MUST UNDER-
GO CONSEQUENT TO
THIS MEETING ARE
BURDEN SOME
ENOUGH...

MEN OF
THE VOID,
ARE YOU HERE
TO
INSULT US?





LET'S SEE
YOUR MUG FOR
A START...

WHAT!?

AN EXTERMINATOR!

THEY'RE HERE!
THEY'LL KILL
US ALL!

LET US
LEAVE HERE
QUICKLY...
THEY'LL
RETURN WHEN
THEY
REALIZE
YOU ARE
ALONE...

WHY AREN'T YOU
AFRAID OF ME?
AND HOW DO
YOU KNOW I
AM ALONE?

I DO NOT FEAR
ANYONE WHO HAS
HELPED ME...
AND TO ANSWER
YOUR OTHER
QUESTION, UNDER-
STAND THAT WHEN
I FALL INTO THE
BAROIDIC TRANCE
I AM AWARE OF
ALL THAT IS HAP-
PENING ROUND
ABOUT... NOW,
LET'S GO!

THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED TO TAKE US...
TWO BARDS ON BOARD IS MORE THAN THEY COULD HAVE HOPED FOR...

COME!

BUT THAT'S A GENETIC PROBE SHIP... IT'S GOING TO WANDER AT RANDOM BETWEEN WORLDS AND ALL THE PASSENGERS WILL DIE ON BOARD, HOPING THAT THEIR DESCENDANTS WILL FIND A BETTER WORLD SOME DAY...

YOU'RE MAD, CLETON! WAIT!

SOON THEY'RE GOING TO CLOSE THE EXTERIOR DOORS AND WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE IN THAT FLYING COFFIN!

PUT ON YOUR MASK! A HUMAN CANNOT SURVIVE IN THIS RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE LIKE AN ANDROID!

...AND TRUST ME... I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...

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Heavy metal, *n.* 1) a metal of high specific gravity. 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily, power, influence, as "he is a man of *heavy metal*." 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced; loud rock music with strong, screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction / fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificient new magazine like water, composed of oxygen studies and as a moderator in personal violence.

Heavy-footed, *adj.* 1) clumsy, tactless. 2) oppressively tyrannical.

Heavy-handed, *adj.* 1) clumsy, heavy or clumsy in walking, supine.

Heavy metal, *n.* 1) a metal of high specific gravity. 2) gun or shot of large size, hence fig., ability, mental or bodily, power, influence, as "he is a man of *heavy metal*." 3) music that is predominantly brass or electronically produced; loud rock music with strong, screaming metal, a magnificent new magazine with emphasis on brilliant and unusual science fiction / fantasy art, bizarre stories, etc. 4) from the French *Metal Hurlant*, lit., screaming metal, a magnificient new magazine like water, composed of oxygen studies and as a moderator in personal violence.

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ORION

CHAPTER 8

ORION AND SPRITE HAVE TAKEN REFUGE IN THE MUSTY LABORATORY CELLARS THAT HOUSE THE GREAT VAPOR MACHINES. SPRITE BECOMES WEAK AND FAINT FROM PROXIMITY TO THE POWERFUL SPELL THAT GUARDS THEM. THEIR PRESENCE IN THON'S RETREAT WARNS CHANDRA AND SHE HURRIES TO DEFEND IT. UNDER COVER OF THE DROON'S ATTACK, LAMONTHOS ENTERS UNSEEN AND SMASHES THE DEVICES, THUS DOOMING CHANDRA. WIZARD AND SORCERESS ENGAGE IN A MAGICAL COMBAT, AND CHANDRA, BESTED, ESCAPES THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE. ORION AND LAMONTHOS CLASH IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE FOR POSSESSION OF THORBOLT, WHICH THREATENS TO REND THE VERY FABRIC OF THE EMPYREAN ETHER THAT CRACKLES AROUND THEM!



THORBOLT PROVES TO BE THE STRONGER WEAPON. HIS WAND SHATTERED, LAMONTHOS IS CORNERED WHEN...



...FELINA AND URZA BURST IN, HELL-BENT ON REVENGE!

AAH! I TOLD YOU MY NOSE WOULD LEAD US TO THE SWINE! COME, MASTER, EMBRACE ME ONE FINAL TIME BEFORE I SEND YOU TO HELL!

THE HELL-CAT RELEASES HER RETRACTABLE CLAWS AND...

SPRINGS!
THE
SHE-
BEAST!

WHAT
IN--!



THE CAT-WOMAN IS AT HIS CUGULAR BEFORE THE MAGE CAN CONTRIVE A PROTECTIVE SPELL...

...BUT THE WILY WIZARD, IN AN ASTONISHING DISPLAY OF AGILITY, ENMESHES FELINA IN THE VOLUMINOUS FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK AND STUNNS HER WITH A GLOW OF HIS BROKEN STAFF.

BELLOCOSE BITCH!



THE FREES HIMSELF, HOWEVER, ONLY TO FALL INTO URZA'S BEAR-LIKE CLUTCHES.



MALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, LAMONTHOS EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM THE GIANT MUTE'S GRIP AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH CHANDRA'S PREVIOUS AVENUE OF ESCAPE.



UNHEEDFUL OF THE INTERLOPERS,
ORION RUSHES TO SPRITE'S SIDE.

SPIRE! THE END ORION! FOR ME,
WHAT IS IT?
AT LEAST, CHANDRA HAS
LIVED TOO LONG... AND WHEN
THE SANDS OF TIME RUN OUT
FOR HER, SO DO THEY TOO,
FOR ME.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



IN MY RECOUNTING OF THE TALE
OF THIS SHADONED VALLEY, I
 OMITTED MENTION OF THIS-
 THON, WHO GAVE CHANDRA
 IMMORTALITY, GAVE ME THE
 SAME CURSE BY INEXTRICABLY
 ENTWINING MY LIFE FORCE
 WITH HERS. HE KNEW SHE
 MIGHT, OUT OF JEALOUSY,
 TERMINATE MY EXISTENCE.
 SHOULD SHE DO SO, SHE WOULD
 THEREFORE COMMIT SUICIDE.
 THAT IS WHY SHE STEEPED
 HERSELF IN THE BLACK ARTS
 AND SOUGHT YOUR SWORD...



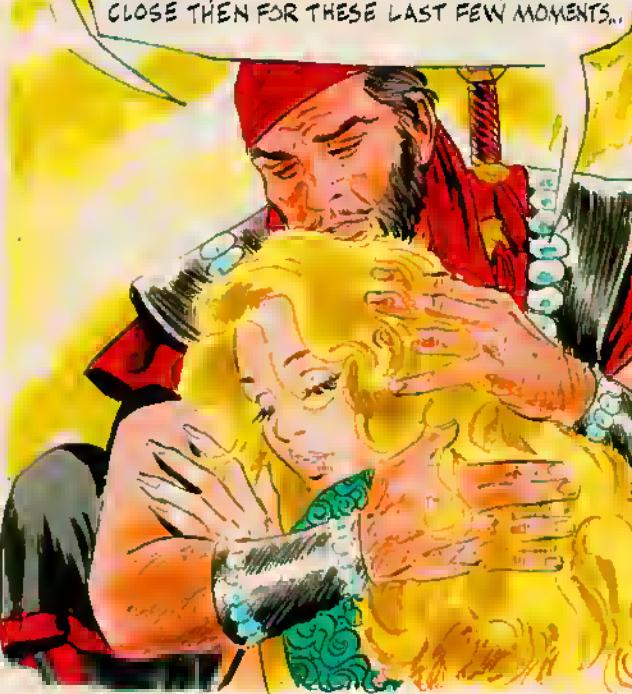
...IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEHOW IT
 COULD BE USED TO SEVER THE LINK
 THAT JOINS HER BEING WITH MINE.
 DON'T BE SAD, MY LOVE, I USED YOU TO
 END THON'S MACABRE JAPE ON US,
 JUST AS I SOOFTEN, HOWEVER,
 UNWILLINGLY MANIPULATED OTHER
 MEN FOR CHANDRA'S DARK PURPOSES.
 NOW I DON'T HAVE TO PLAY THE
 GAME... ANY LONGER...



BUT I
LOVE
YOU!

NO, SWEET FOOL. I'M THE ARTIFICE AND
PROFLATY OF A BLACK MAGICIAN AND I
DIE GLADLY. SOON MY SIREN SISTER
EXPIRES, AND SO DO I. PLEASE... HOLD ME
CLOSE THEN FOR THESE LAST FEW MOMENTS...

...THEN YOU MUST DEPART, QUICKLY. THE ADJACENT
CHAMBER HOUSES ONE OF THON'S MARVELS--AN
AIRSHIP. USE IT TO ESCAPE THE IRE OF THE
INVIDIOUS DROONS... THEY'LL TORCH THE TOWERS...



IN THE MEANTIME, CHANDRA, PREFERING A
QUICK DEATH, CONFRONTS THE HOWLING
DROONS...



...AND THEY DO NOT DISAPPOINT HER.



IN TRUTH, A CONFLAGRATION ROARS THROUGH THE FIVE
TOWERS OF CASTLE CLAW. IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN
THE DROONS AND CHANDRA'S GUARDIANS AN
OVERTURNED BRAZIER HAS TURNED THE STRONGHOLD
INTO A VERITABLE CREMATORIUM!



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THE GREAT TRAP

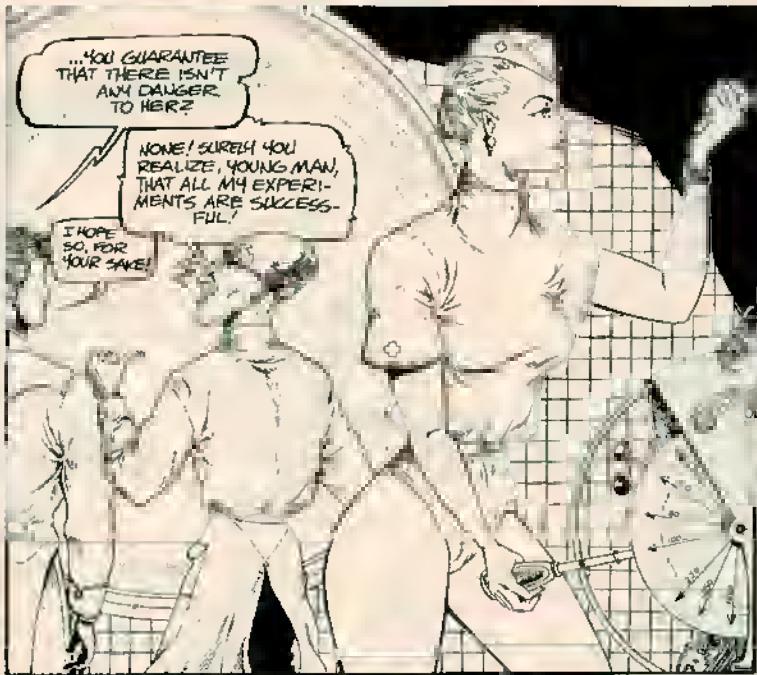
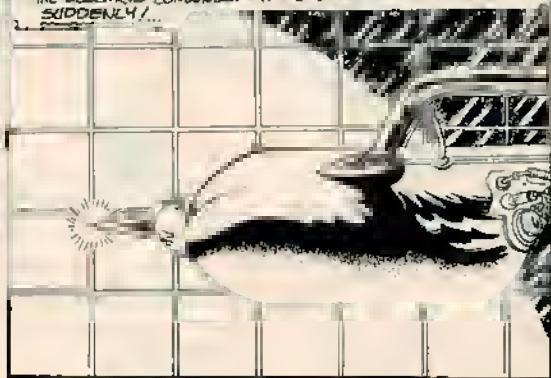
by
*Denis
Sire*

THE
SPATIAL
ADVENTURES
OF
M. WHITE
4TH
EPISODE



THE HYDROMETRIC INDICATOR IS OPERATIONAL. YOU CAN LOWER THE CONTROL TO 100 WATTS!

THE ELECTRIC CONDENSER TICKS OVER GENTLY, UNTIL SUDDENLY...



BCLICK! CAPTAIN WHITE IS REQUESTED TO APPEAR AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER IMMEDIATELY!

GOSH!

TEN FLOORS LATER!

SO, CAPTAIN,
ALL'S WELL WITH VIOLETTA,
ISN'T IT?

HER LIFE IS IN
DOC ALIPTUSS'S
HANDS... WE CAN ONLY
PRAY HE'S
SUCCESSFUL!

MORRIS LEAVES THE OPERATING ROOM TO HEAD TOWARD THE ELEVATOR...

THAT'S THEM! I'M
POSITIVE OF IT.
HMM...

YES... YES... BUT NOW, WOULD YOU CAST A GLANCE
AT THE RADAR CONTROL SCREEN...

...THERE'RE LESS OF
THEM THAN I
THOUGHT!

YOU KNOW
THAT THE O.O.T.S.S.B.Y HAS FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, CAPTAIN.
THEY'RE COUNTING ON YOU, WHITE, TO NEUTRALIZE THE
DIABOLICAL PLANET!

I
UNDERSTAND,
COLONEL...

THERE THEY
ARE!

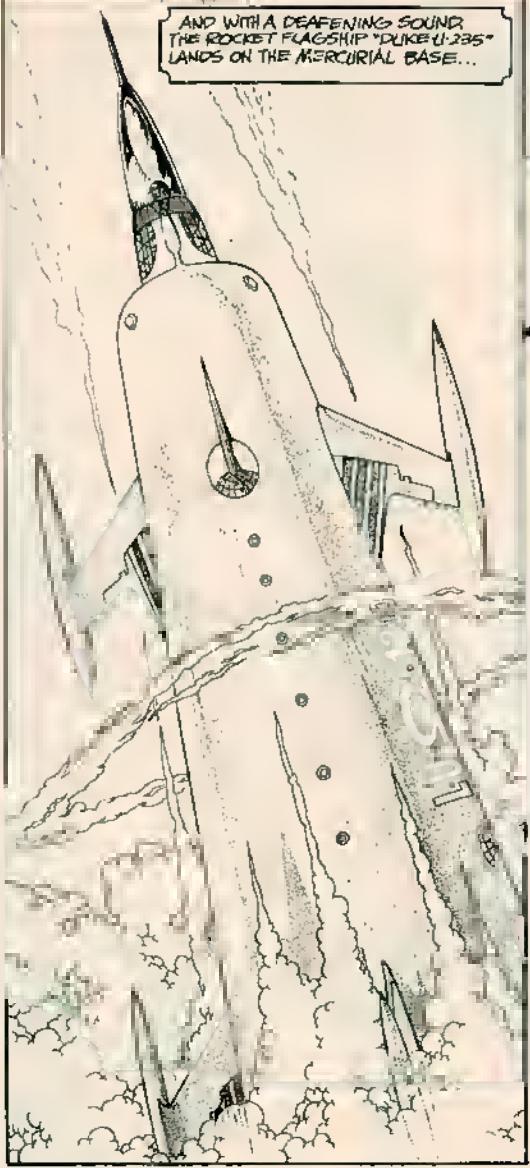
REQUEST
AUTHORIZATION
TO LAND!

ALL CLEAR
MEN

*OMEGA ON THE SEA SPACE BASE...

AND WITH A DEAFENING SOUND,
THE ROCKET FLAGSHIP "DUKE U-235"
LANDS ON THE MERCURIAN BASE...

THEN THE THREE ESCORT "BEE-BUL 203'S
LAND IN THEIR TURN...



A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, MORRIS IS
READY FOR ACTION!

PRESS ON! PRESS ON! BY
ALL THE PLANETS, WITH ALL
THIS GOING ON, I DON'T EVEN
HAVE TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE
TO VIOLETTA...



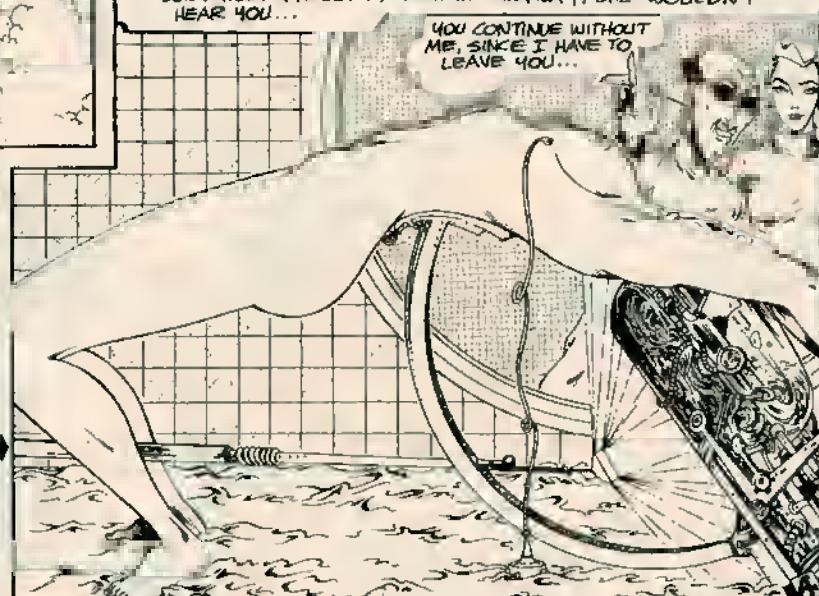
I HAVE SOME ORDERS TO GIVE TO THE
CREW OF YOUR SHIP! SHOULD I WAIT FOR
YOU?

I'LL GET READY
AND MEET YOU ON
THE
RUNWAY...



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN! ANYWAY, SHE WOULDN'T
HEAR YOU...

YOU CONTINUE WITHOUT
ME, SINCE I HAVE TO
LEAVE YOU...



ARRIVING AT THE RUNWAY...



WELL, THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN AS A MARRIED WOMAN, SHE HAS THE RIGHT TO ACCOMPANY HER HUSBAND! IT'S ALL ACCORDING TO THE RULES!



EXCUSE ME! DID I HEAR YOU CORRECTLY?

WHAT? LET'S JUST SAY THAT WITH A CHIEF LIKE YOU I WOULD PREFER TO BE IN MY "BEE-BUL"... I'VE LANDED AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW

WHY!!



WELL, NOW YOU'VE BEEN INFORMED! I WILL ACCEPT NO LAPSE IN DISCIPLINE, FOR OUR MISSION AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL PLANET IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FUTURE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU, MONA?...



NOW I WILL ADDRESS THE ESCORT PILOTS TO TELL THEM THE FOLLOWING: IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK IN THE INTERFERENCE ZONE, THEY MUST DEFEND THE "DUKE" SHIP ONLY! AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY INDIVIDUAL STUNTS. UNDERSTAND... COMMANDER HANS STORCH!!



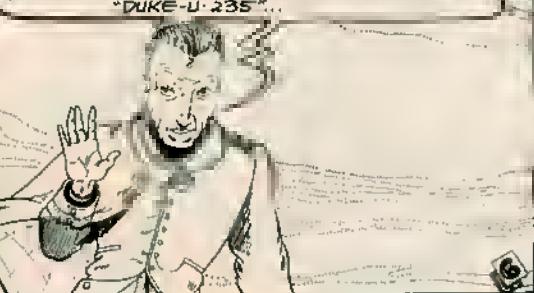
THE BRIEFING OVER, THE CREW RETURNS TO THEIR SHIP



GOOD-BYE, COLONEL LOVEBOAT. TAKE CARE OF VIOLETTA.



GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN. AH! BY THE WAY, I'VE LOADED MY "DEFIANT A.S." FOR YOU. PERHAPS IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR WHITE TO DEFEND THE "DUKE-U-235"...



EVERYTHING O.K. HANS?

AFTER FILLING THE TANKS, THEY LOAD THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE "BEE-BULS." EVERYTHING'S READY AND WHITE'S FLAGSHIP TAKES OFF FIRST...

READY TO SWITCH ON THE ATOMIC REACTOR?

THE RUNWAY'S CLEAR, COMMANDER STOCH... YOU MAY TAKE OFF OVER.

AND NOW IT'S THE TURN OF HANS AND HIS PILOTS

AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET, BREAK AND DEPLOY AROUND THE "DUKE!"
ROGER HANS



...BUT TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OF DEPARTURE IS A ROCKET, WHICH ALSO LEAVES THE MERCURIAN BASE

I'LL GET IN FRONT OF THEM!

...MUCH LATER, ON THE GREAT ROAD THROUGH SPACE...

STILL
NOTHING,
HANS!

I'M DYING OF
BOREDOM,
CAPTAIN!

NOTHING!

MAY BE SO, COMMANDER
BUT I IMPLORE
YOU NOT TO
LET YOUR
ATTENTION
WANDER! OVER.

MEANWHILE, THAT VERY NIGHT ON
THE DIABOLICAL PLANET...



HOT DAMN! THIS TIME
I'M GOING TO GET
THAT GUY WHITE!

JIM HAS LEFT TO RELIEVE MORRIS WHITE AT THE COMMANDS
OF THE "DUKE." AS FOR MONA, SHE CHOSE TO REMAIN ALONE...



MORRIS MUST BE IN
HIS CABIN NOW



I'VE GOT
TO SEE HIM,
WHETHER
HE LIKES
IT OR
NOT!



ALAS THERE'S ALWAYS GOT TO BE SOMEONE WHO COMES AND SPOILS IT ALL, EVEN THE
MOST GENUINE LOVE...

SO, WHAT
IS IT?

UM...WELL...I...WE
JUST ENTERED THE
INTERFERENCE ZONE
OF THE DIABOLICAL
PLANET...

HEAVENS!
MY
HUSBAND!

O.K.

I MUST REJOIN THE ESCORT IN ORDER
TO DEFEND OUR SHIP...

DON'T DO
ANYTHING
SILLY!

Jim

I'LL EXPLAIN THE
SITUATION TO JIM.
HE'LL UNDERSTAND

YES...
YES...
GOOD-BYE...

AT THE SAME MOMENT... THE S.I.S. "ENKEI" TURNS ITS TAIL TO THE
"DUKE-U-235"

*SPATIAL INTERVENTION SQUADRON

JIM?

BAM

HIS WIFE RUNS TOWARD HIM, BUT

JIM,
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE,
YOU IDIOT? WHY...
ANSWER ME!!

DEATH...
SLUT

TO BE
CONTINUED

TIME MACHINE



The cover of the 1979 Heavy Metal Calendar.

1979
HEAVY
METAL

Calendar

This fantasy calendar for 1979 from Heavy Metal, of course, From its cover by R. and G. to its calendar in December, a year's worth of surviving — including Drulitt, Claymore, Akilia, and special dates — including Tarzan's birthday and death, the end of the world. Order now — it's an ideal gift for old relatives with new hearts.

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fourth and fifth copies.
Please add 25¢ per calendar for shipping
and handling.

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HOLY MARY OF THE
ANGELS... JUST WHEN
THE SITUATION SEEMS
TO BE OBVIOUSLY IMPROVING
IN FAVOR OF
THE INSURGENTS, OUT-
SIDE THE PRISON

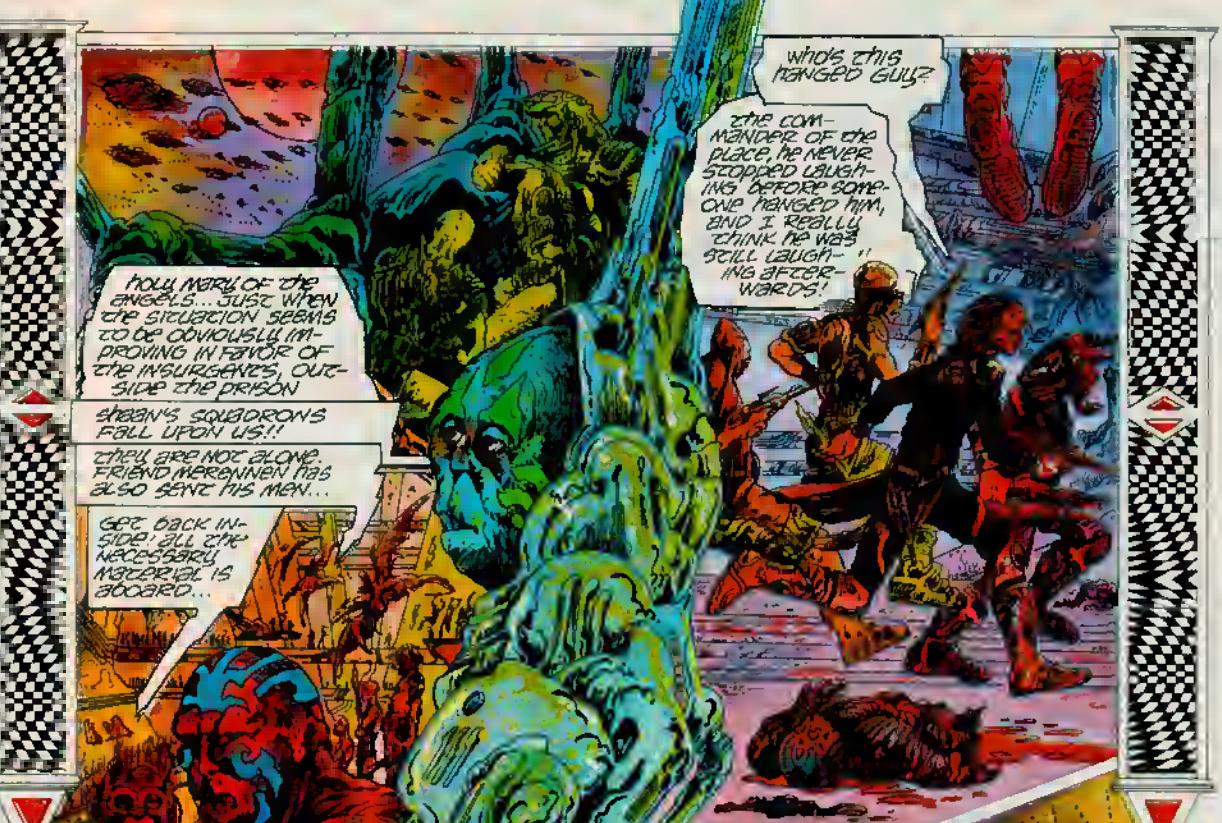
SHAWN'S SQUADRON'S
FALL UPON US!!

THEY ARE NOT ALONE.
FRIEND MERENNEEN HAS
ALSO SENT HIS MEN...

GET BACK IN-
SIDE! ALL THE
NECESSARY
MATERIAL IS
BOORD...

WHO'S THIS
HANGED GUY?

THE COM-
MANDER OF THE
PLACE, HE NEVER
STOPPED LAUGH-
ING BEFORE SOME-
ONE HANGED HIM,
AND I REALLY
THINK HE WAS
STILL LAUGH-
ING AFTER-
WARDS!



GAIL

OUTSIDE, AWAITING
THE FLEET OF THE
EMPEROR SHAWN,
THE LAST IN A LINE OF
MAD KINGS, ARE THE
MASTERS OF THE
INTERIOR CIRCLE,
THOSE ALWAYS
CALLED "THE
POWERFUL..."

what are those?

"THE FLEET OF THE
NIGHT!" MORE OF
MERENEN'S
GADGETS. SEEMS
THEY'RE LOOKING
FOR SOMEONE...



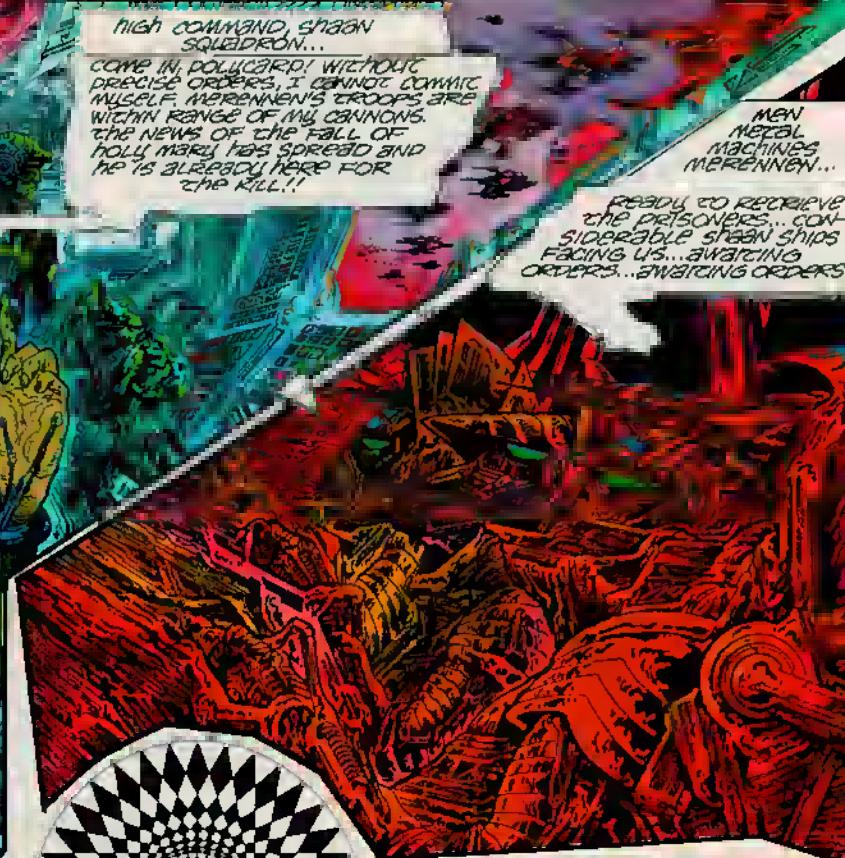
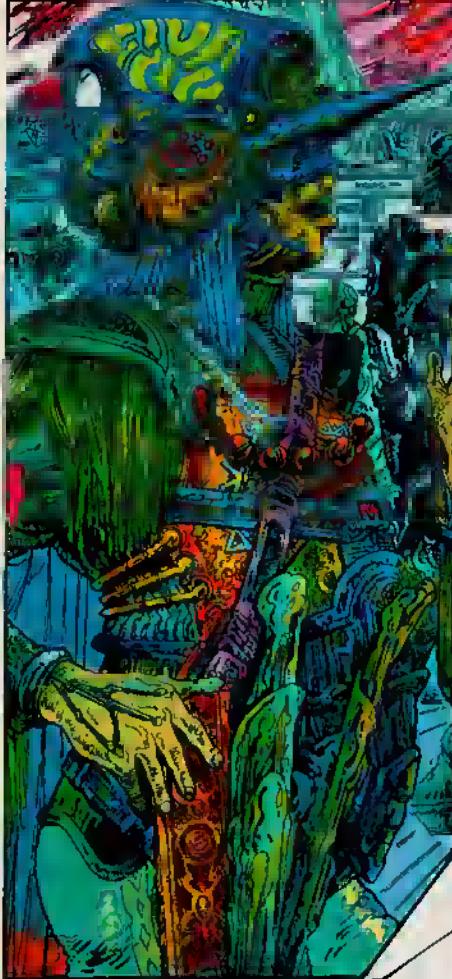
ACROSS THE WALL
COME PRINCE MER-
ENEN'S STEEL KILLERS
FROM THE GIGANTIC
PLANET GAIL, NEST OF
THE RED SPIDER...

HIGH COMMAND, SHAN
SQUADRON...

COME IN, DOLYCARD! WITHOUT
PRECISE ORDERS, I CANNOT COMMUNICATE
MYSELF. MERENNEN'S TROOPS ARE
WITHIN RANGE OF MY CANNONS.
THE NEWS OF THE FALL OF
HOLY MARY HAS SPREAD AND
HE IS ALREADY HERE FOR
THE KILL!!

MEN
METAL
MACHINES
MERENNEN...

READY TO RECEIVE
THE PRISONERS... CON-
SIDERABLE SHAN SHIPS
FACING US... AWAITING
ORDERS... AWAITING ORDERS



DOLYCARD, WE CAN'T LET MERENNEN LAY
SIEGE TO HOLY MARY. WE NO LONGER
KNOW WHAT IS HAPPENING INSIDE. HE IS
CERTAINLY MAD. HE'S THERE WITH A
BUNCH OF SHIPS; HE'S UP TO HIS EYES IN
THE SHIT! HE CAN'T FALL BACK ANY
MORE SO LET'S HURRY IT UP! WHERE THE
FUCK ARE YOU UP TO? THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING TO DO NOW!!

SHIP EG, GENERAL
COMMAND SHAN-
COME IN LORD ROPP!

AHHH! BE CAREFUL
WE'LL SKIN THAT PIECE OF
SHIT AND HIS SHIT MACHINES. SWITCH ON THE
SCREENS. OPEN FIRE.
PROGRAM ZONE DE-
STRUCTURE. CENTER
FLANK OVER HOLY
MARY. WELL OCCUPY
IT AFTERWARDS.
FIRE! FIRE!

ON GALL
DECISION ROOM
MERENNEN IN
PERSON.

A TRAP! THIS INSURRECTION
IS A TRAP!

...A CRISP, SHARP
LET IT FALL, THE
STRONGEST PIECE
ON THE CHESSBOARD
...HE PAID THE PRICE
TO GET MY HOPE AND
I SEE MYSELF FALL FOR
IT, THE INVINCIBLE FOR-
TRESS, THE PRIDE OF
SHAN HAS BEEN A PRE-
MATURE ENCOUNTER...
OF WHAT USE HAVE
YOUR ORACLES BEEN
TO ME? NONE OF YOU
PREDICTED THIS...

BUT, MASZER, THE
PRISON IS WELL AND
TRULY FALLEN!



PRINCE... SHAN... DID YOU
AN IMMENSE HONOR

IMBECILES... IF
IT'S DAZZLE
YOU WANT,
LET IT
DAZZLE!
LET THE
STEEL
RUM BURNING HOT...

A MASS OF BEAMS, RAYS, DECTECTORS, SCREENS, ELECTRIC FINGERS WHICH SEARCH TO KILL IN THE SILENCE OF THE VOID... LIGHT...

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY OUT THERE!!

THEY'RE FIRING AT OUR HEADS OUT THERE! DIDN'T THAT FAKE SORCERER PREDICT THAT TO YOU?

SHOOT THOSE WHO ARE WITHIN RANGE. INFORM ALL THE RESISTANCE GROUPS. THIS THE HOUR HAS COME TO FIGHT. THE HOUR TO BLOW SHASN MERONNIEN AND ALL THE OTHER SCUM OUT INTO SPACE. WE'LL KNOW BETTER WHERE TO STRIKE. SLOANE, YOU MUST KNOW THAT...

HEY! WHERE'D THAT ONE GET TO?

FORGET IT, JUST SOME SORCERER DIZZING OFF!

LITTLE SHIT, WE SHOULD HAVE GOT HIM WITH A DAMNED SURPRISE BACKSTROKE... AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S SLOANE'S LOVER, ISN'T HE?

WHO KNOWS WHAT SHASN DID TO HIM SO MANY YEARS AGO, WHAT SECRET BINDS THEM? ALL THIS SACRED, ALL THIS FURY, GOT UNDER SLOANE'S SKIN, BUT ALL THAT HAS BECOME LEGEND.

ENOUGH DREAMING, THERE'S WORK TO DO!

LEAVE THE SPHERE, OPEN THE DOOR... GO... I WANT TO KNOW

TO BE CONTINUED...

When there is no more room in hell...
the dead will walk the earth

George A. Romero's

DAWN OF THE DEAD

In 1968 George A. Romero began a three film trilogy tracing the growth of a "Zombie" Society. The first film was the now classic "Night Of The Living Dead."

"DAWN OF THE DEAD" (in living color) is his long awaited second film. The last film "Day Of The Dead" should hit the screen about 1988.

Anyway, while you're waiting for "DAWN OF THE DEAD's" premiere you can enjoy a limited edition T-Shirt. To order send a check for \$6.00 plus 60 cents (postage & handling) to The Laurel Group, Inc. 150 East 58th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Let us know your name, address, zip code, and size (S.M.L.XL.) Please print or type and allow 4 weeks for delivery.

P.S. We didn't show you the whole shirt on purpose. Life, like the movies, should have some surprises! Also accept our apology for not providing an order form to clip out, this magazine is too nice to cut up.

major Grubert

and the hermetically sealed garage of Jerry Cornelius by Moebius

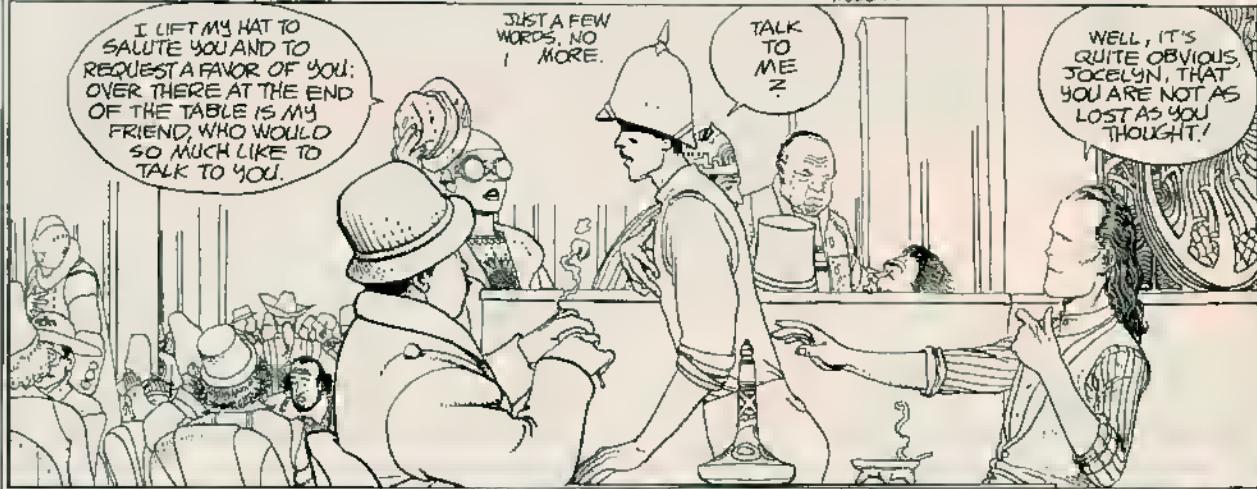
OUR
STORY
TO
DATE:

THE SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED, BUT IT'S ONLY SUPERFICIAL, AS THE DRAMA IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN... YET, NO MATTER, FOR MAJOR GRUBERT, EXPLORER OF MYSTERIES, THE GREATEST FISHERMAN OF MARVELS IN ALL THE UNIVERSE, WAITS FOR HIS DRINK OF WHEATAL BROTH, IN THE COMPANY OF THE TWO ARMOURIUTH NATIVES.

I CAN'T DO
ANYTHING ABOUT
IT, MISTER. IT
MUST BE THE
AUTHOR HIMSELF
WHO DID IT ON
PURPOSE...
YOU KNOW
MOEBIUS!



EVEN SO, I DON'T LIKE
IT... IT'S SO LITTLE,
LIKE THAT! IT'S NOT
NICE... NO, IT'S NOT
NICE. I PREFER IT
BIG SO EVERYONE
CAN READ IT!

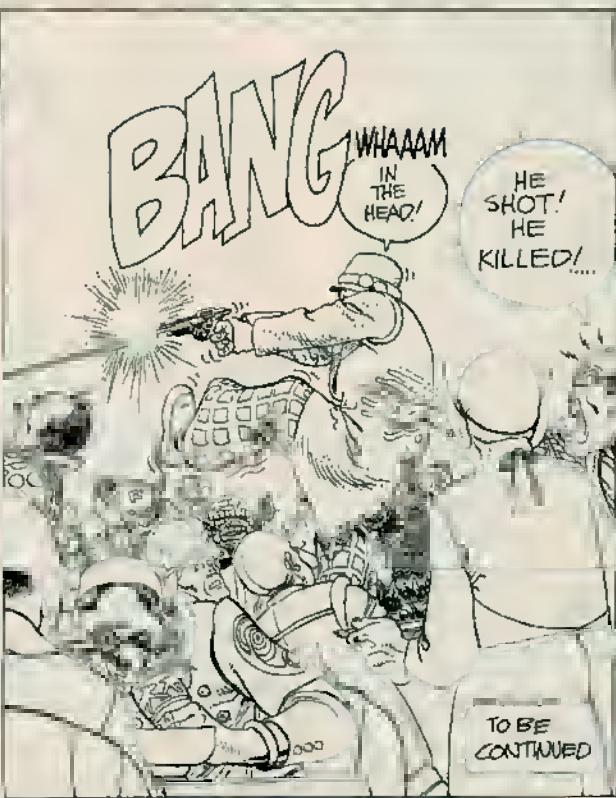


THAT'S THE MAN WHO KILLED THE
TOMB-WRECKER! HE KILLED! HE
MUST DIE!... ARDANT, USE YOUR
GUN AND KILL HIM! KILL
HIM!

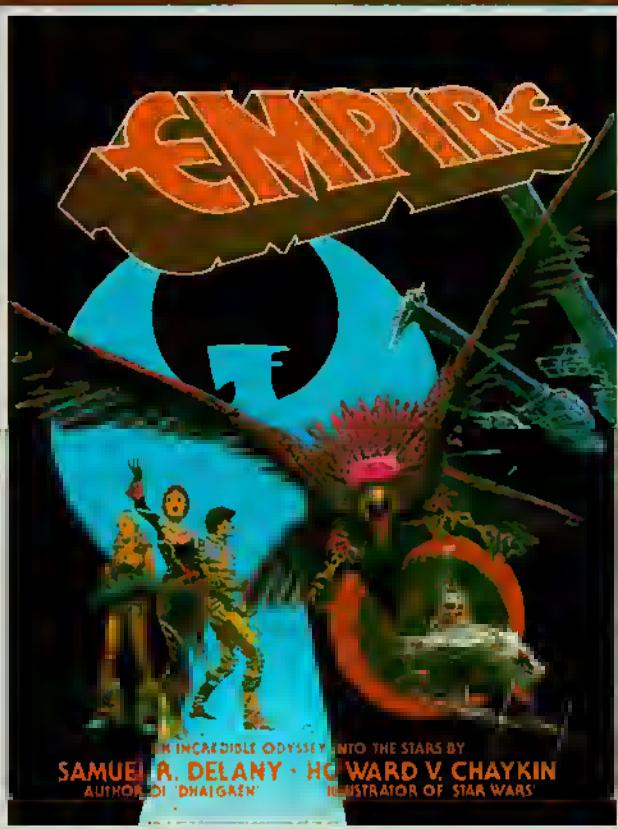
WHERE
IS
HE?

I CAN'T
SEE...
WHEREZ

THERE!
THERE!



YOU KNEW IT COULD HAPPEN BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHEN.



the visual novel

You knew how fantastic science fiction could be. You read it in your first Bradbury. You saw it in Close Encounters. You glimpsed it in Heavy Metal.

Now Samuel R. Delany, Hugo and Nebula award-winning author of *Dhalgren*, and Howard V. Chaykin, award-winning *Star Wars* artist, have taken science fiction a step further in an incredible 112-page, full color journey to the 61st

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For a limited time, readers of this magazine can order a special collector's hardcover edition of *Empire*. This edition is extremely limited to 1500 copies each of which will be signed by Samuel R. Delany and Howard V. Chaykin. Readers of S.I. recognize the rarity of a 1500 copy edition by an author whose books sell in the hundreds of thousands. This

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EXPLORER COLONY 6

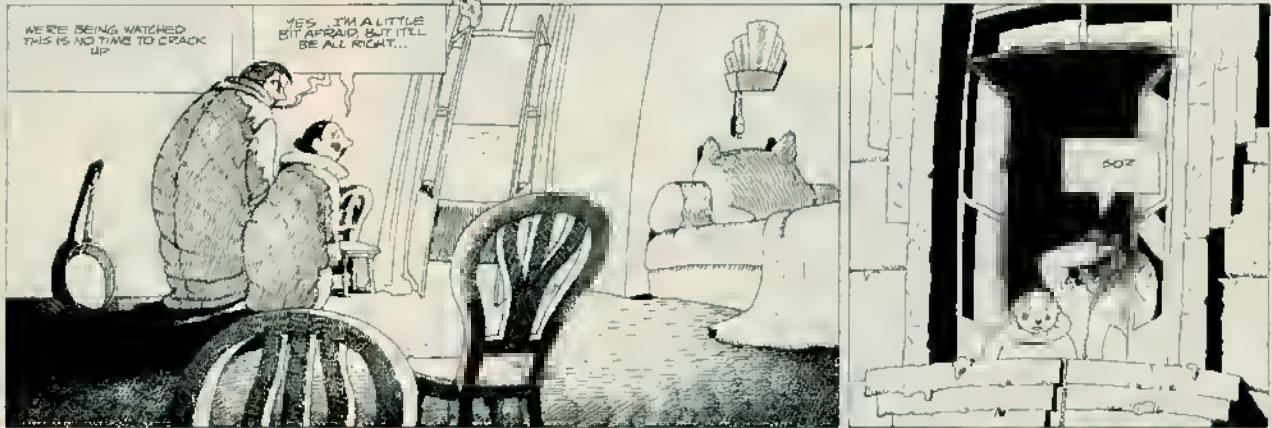
This view of the Serian Millennium starship bears little resemblance to any previously recorded. A mountain on a plate contained and protected by a magnetic shield and other protective gear ("Cosmopolitan Geographic," *H.M.*, May '78), this photo from an overlook on the mountain itself reveals not only the vista above the horizon, where meteories are pulverized by the magna-shell before they can damage the colony, but also deep beneath the surface of the lakes, where darker bands of blue provide breathtaking evidence of the structure upon which the mountain was built. The starship, occupying nearly 300 cubic kilometers of space, moves at a steady acceleration rate, providing a gravity equivalent to that of the home planet Seria.

The Serians welcome visitors but are reluctant to reveal detailed information about their colony which is moving through space toward the galactic hub. We were told that we were seeing only this portion of the food processing Colony and that almost all manufacturing was done inside the mountain, leaving the surface as an ecological facsimile of Seria. The Federation Diphigroup was shown only the surface of the starship, and in our dismay was not permitted to enter the main body, which we were told is the center of activity in the colony.

The author recorded this image with Serian permission, one of only three pictures approved for release. Three Serian pilots wave greetings from our tour vehicle arriving to take us to the departure station. Below them are some of the plants and animals of this carbon-based ecology that, like Earth, has chlorophyll-bearing plants and oxygen-breathing animals.

Of particular interest noted in our group was the artificial sun that orbited the starship, slowly creating a day and night for its surface and the illusion of planetary stability for its occupants. Perhaps as interesting as the starship itself was the strained social situation of having everyone present, even our hosts, feeling like a visitor in someone else's world. Oddly, this picture seems to convey that feeling of tense congeniality which haunted us long after we returned to our ship.





WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO HIM?

DID HE JUMP?

HE COULD HAVE CHOSEN
ANOTHER YEAR TO DO IT!

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! STAND BACK! SCOO! SCAT!
THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE!

YES, YES, YOU WILL BE QUESTIONED!

STOP DREAMING! WE HAVE AN
INQUIRY TO DIRECT AND AN IMPORT-
ANT ONE!

THERE ARE NO CLUES, NONE!
HARDLY ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!

WELL, ANYWAY

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

THIS IS REALLY GREAT!

YOU DON'T INTEND TO HOLD THE
INQUIRY LIKE THAT, DO YOU?

WHY NOT? IT'S THE BEST
POSITION FOR REFLECTION!

I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY!

ALREADY!

I THINK I'M THE LAST PERSON TO HAVE SEEN THE SAD MAN!

VERY INTERESTING!
DO CONTINUE!

AND BE AS PRECISE
AS POSSIBLE!



'HE COULD HAVE CAUGHT A COLD! CAN YOU SHOW US THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THIS TOOK PLACE?'

'NOW?'

'CERTAINLY! WE CAN FIGURE SOMETHING OUT.'

'I'LL GO WITH YOU!'

'AS IF THERE WERE AN RUSH!'

'IT WAS THERE!'

'WELL THERE AND NOT ELSEWHERE. I COULDN'T SAY... THAT'S THE MYSTERY OF INTUITION... DURING THE NIGHT THE WIND AND TIDE MUST HAVE ERASED ALL TRACE OF HIS FOOTSTEPS. BUT I RECOGNIZED THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE... I GIVE IN...''

'I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE!'

'DON'T BOTHER! HE'LL NEVER PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.
YOU KNOW THAT VERY WELL.'

'ONE CAN ALWAYS ACT AS IF'



WE MUST DIG UP THE PLACE WHERE YOU WERE LAST NIGHT!



YOU AREN'T GOING TO TURN THE WHOLE BEACH UPSIDE DOWN, ARE YOU?



CAN I HELP?

OH, YES! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME!



WHO COULD HAVE HELD A GRUDGE AGAINST HIM HE WAS SO QUIET!

WELL, I WOULD USE THE PAST TENSE! HE'S DISAPPEARED, THAT'S ALL!



BEFORE SHELVLING THE AFFAIR, WE HAVE TO AT LEAST LOOK, DON'T WE?

WHAT A PROFESSIONAL CONSCIENCE! SHE'S REALLY VERY GOOD!

IT IS NOW 10:00. THIS INVESTIGATION SEEKS TO ME TO BE THE WORK OF A MASTER, BUT A MOST SINGULAR SORT.



IT'S MOVING HERE, TOO!

THERE, TOO! I'M GETTING THERE!

YOU KNOW HIS NAME, AT LEAST?



NO, I NEVER ASK THEM
THEIR IDENTITIES...
IT'S NOT VERY
IMPORTANT!

IN THIS PARTICULAR
CASE, IT MAKES IT
VERY AWKWARD!

I FOUND SOMETHING!
COME SEE!



I TOOK DOWN ALL THEIR SHOE SIZES,
BUT MANY OF THEM HAVE THE SAME SIZE.
STILL, WE'RE FURTHER ALONG NOW!



WE HAVE TO QUESTION THEM NOW!
CAN WE DO IT HERE??



YOU KNOW WHAT TO ASK THEM?

NO, BUT WE'LL IMPROVISE!



DO YOU HAVE ANY
SUSPICIONS?

IT'S OBVIOUS, ISN'T IT?
BETTER ACK THAT GIRL
WHO...



THAT GIRL WHO

NOTHING MORE! THANK YOU!
YOU CAN GO PLAY OUTSIDE!

AH, BUT
EXCUSE ME!
YOU MUST
LISTEN
TO US!

NEXT!

WHO DO
THESE DOWN-
AND-OUTS
THINK THEY
ARE?

IT'S A
LOVELY
INQUIRY,
ISN'T IT?

THRILLING!

THE OTHER RESIDENTS FOLLOW EACH OTHER. THE MINUTES PASS. MY ATTENTION WANDERS AT TIMES.
THE GHASTLY GENERAL IMPRESSION, THE SAME FOR ME WHO'S NOT REALLY INVOLVED, IS THAT THEY DON'T
REMEMBER THE SAD MAN AT ALL. SOME NOTICED HIM WITHOUT SEEING HIM—OTHERS NEVER EVEN SAW
HIM—MOST NEVER SPOKE TO HIM.

WHO'S IT ALL ABOUT



CAN WE LEAVE THE HOTEL NOW?

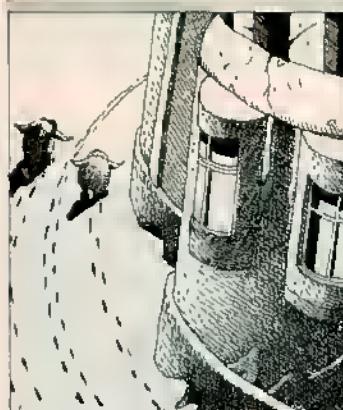


I HAVE ALL THE TIME IN
THE WORLD. THE SAD MAN
CAME TO SPEAK TO ME SEVERAL
TIMES. HE WAS DISPISED BY A
FORMER LOVE. HE COULD HAVE
DISAPPEARED INTO HIS OWN
DREAM... HE MUST BE
SOMEWHERE

WHAT CAN HE BE UP TO?

MAM, I SAW FOOTSTEPS
NEAR THE ROPE!





ALL THOSE WHO WISH TO HELP WITH THE SEARCH MEET HERE IN TWO MINUTES!



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



HM #1 (APRIL, 1972) With Space Punks, the first chapters of *Cosmic Cowboys*, and the first appearance ever in print of the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara* (see review, page 100).



HM #2 (JULY, 1972) Headlined "Hoggit the garrison support Right Jesters" in Connie Culp's column, plus "The Devil's in the Details," "Bull and Bullcows," "Cartooning Armies," the ultimate rock legend white Harriet Springer (see review, page 100).



HM #4 (OCTOBER, 1972) Features Right Jesters poetry by Connie Culp, "The Devil's in the Details," "Bull and Bullcows," "Cartooning Armies," the ultimate rock legend white Harriet Springer (see review, page 100).



HM #6 (JANUARY, 1973) Is that Marlene Dietrich? With 12 pages of "Marlene's Letters" to Connie Culp, plus illustrations by Cobain, Marley, and Rodriguez. She's a big friend to Sheekle. Her first chapter of Davis's *World Apart* (more on *Sheekle* and *Haze*, page 100).



HM #10 (APRIL, 1973) Is that Marlene Dietrich? With 12 pages of "Marlene's Letters" to Connie Culp, plus illustrations by Cobain, Marley, and Rodriguez. She's a big friend to Sheekle. Her first chapter of Davis's *World Apart* (more on *Sheekle* and *Haze*, page 100).



HM #12 (JULY, 1973) Slip slot and Anniversary issue! With 12 pages of "Marlene's Letters" to Connie Culp, plus illustrations by Cobain, Marley, and Rodriguez. She's a big friend to Sheekle. Her first chapter of Davis's *World Apart* (more on *Sheekle* and *Haze*, page 100).



HM #14 (MAY, 1974) Green in Love. The Metal Mania! With 12 pages of "Marlene's Letters" to Connie Culp, plus illustrations by Cobain, Marley, and Rodriguez. She's a big friend to Sheekle. Her first chapter of Davis's *World Apart* (more on *Sheekle* and *Haze*, page 100).



HM #15 (JULY, 1974) A holiday issue! With 12 pages of "Marlene's Letters" to Connie Culp, plus illustrations by Cobain, Marley, and Rodriguez. She's a big friend to Sheekle. Her first chapter of Davis's *World Apart* (more on *Sheekle* and *Haze*, page 100).



HM #16 (SEPTEMBER, 1974) In which the saga of Pinocchio begins. The Lizard King, the first issue of *Heavy Metal World*, and the first appearance of all element-taking planets: sunnus, muppus, sun, and assistance. (See 100.)



HM #17 (DECEMBER, 1974) Galactic Artists expand knowledge. Right Jesters introduce themselves. And another cover by Cobain. Another 12 pages of comic. Marlene's the Air tight Garbage. Dent also Pinocchio. Reddo, and her son by Theodore Sturgeon. (See 100.)



HM #18 (MARCH, 1975) Wit new crew paper by Marlene and Marlowe, the first appearance of loads of new artists. Wit also a new garage, reflected involves (well and dead states), and a great new harpy (mean alby) - the newest Heavy Metal girl! (See 100.)



HM #19 (JUNE, 1975) Wit more of the same, with Oren Corbin & Arash, Iggy Pop, and the first appearance of the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book. (See 100.)



HM #20 (SEPTEMBER, 1975) Wit more of the same, with Oren Corbin & Arash, Iggy Pop, and the first appearance of the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book. (See 100.)



HM #22 (DECEMBER, 1975) Wit more of the same, with Oren Corbin & Arash, Iggy Pop, and the first appearance of the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book. (See 100.)



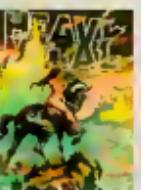
HM #23 (MARCH, 1976) Wit more of the same, with Oren Corbin & Arash, Iggy Pop, and the first appearance of the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book. (See 100.)



HM #24 (JUNE, 1976) Wit more of the same, with Oren Corbin & Arash, Iggy Pop, and the first appearance of the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book. (See 100.)



HM #25 (SEPTEMBER, 1976) Wit the return of 104 pages to bring you like never before. Plus Dent, the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book, plus the first chapter of *Right Jesters* and *Wenner*. In addition to Lizard King, the first appearance of Connors, MacLean, Clever Haze, and Marlowe. (See 100.)



HM #26 (DECEMBER, 1976) Wit more pages (104 pages) to bring you like never before. Plus Dent, the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book, plus the first chapter of *Right Jesters* and *Wenner*. In addition to Lizard King, the first appearance of Connors, MacLean, Clever Haze, and Marlowe. (See 100.)



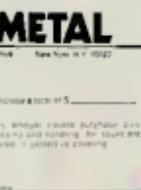
HM #27 (MARCH, 1977) Wit more pages (104 pages) to bring you like never before. Plus Dent, the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book, plus the first chapter of *Right Jesters* and *Wenner*. In addition to Lizard King, the first appearance of Connors, MacLean, Clever Haze, and Marlowe. (See 100.)



HM #28 (JUNE, 1977) Wit more pages (104 pages) to bring you like never before. Plus Dent, the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book, plus the first chapter of *Right Jesters* and *Wenner*. In addition to Lizard King, the first appearance of Connors, MacLean, Clever Haze, and Marlowe. (See 100.)



HM #29 (SEPTEMBER, 1977) Wit more pages (104 pages) to bring you like never before. Plus Dent, the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book, plus the first chapter of *Right Jesters* and *Wenner*. In addition to Lizard King, the first appearance of Connors, MacLean, Clever Haze, and Marlowe. (See 100.)



HM #30 (DECEMBER, 1977) Wit more pages (104 pages) to bring you like never before. Plus Dent, the first issue of *Heavy Metal* comic book, plus the first chapter of *Right Jesters* and *Wenner*. In addition to Lizard King, the first appearance of Connors, MacLean, Clever Haze, and Marlowe. (See 100.)

HEAVY METAL

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EMPIRE

by Samuel Delany and Howard Chaykin

The year is 6279. The fascist Kündüke have extended their grip over a thousand worlds as varied as the colors of our spectrum. The rebel Qreton, having escaped the infamous generals, Lojixx and Akbrum, plots the upheaval of the empire through the secrets of the lost key to ice—the nexus of information used by the Kündüke.

In her escape from Eyrth, Qreton is saved by Wryo, a young college student. Swept up on the rebel's Proteus ship, Wryo faces the tragedy and exhilaration of an interplanetary quest for freedom in a ravaged galaxy less innocent and far more dangerous than his own.



...and a sleek, racing yacht slipped away from the Kündüke drones, who still searched for a tiny fighting craft.



"Blaz and I have traveled together half a dozen years, deviling the Kündüke on world after world. You've signed on in the middle of an adventure, boy."

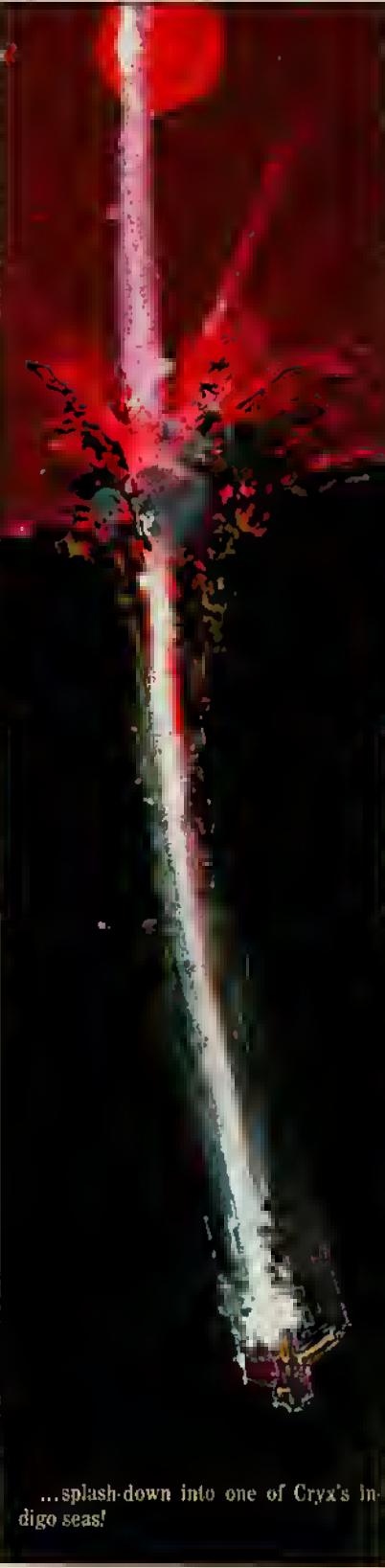


"Then tell me about the crystal fragment and where we're going now!"



"Though you saved my life, I'd still be a fool to trust you. All I'll say is that our next stop is a world called..."

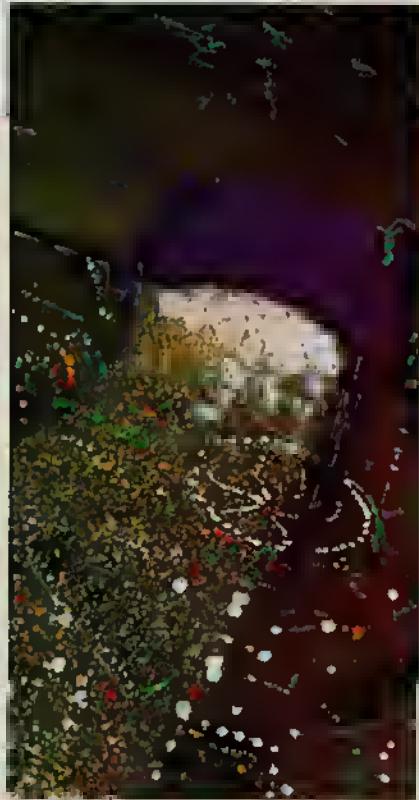
...Cryx!" Hurl a handful of light years over your shoulder, fall past a pocked and pitted moon...



...splash-down into one of Cryx's indigo seas!



"There's the sea-floor lock!"



The Proteus sank toward the opening lock of an under-sea mining city.



The tiny ship, sea-water steaming from her hull-plates, settled among the huge ore freighters in the mine city of Mala bolge.



Qrelon and Blaz, with Wryn following, left the transport hangar and entered Malabolge.



"Now the next step in my plan--"



"Qrelon, look how that guard's bullying the miner!"

After whispered instructions to Wrynn and Blaz....

"Why bother this poor fool, Guard? My friends will take care of him."

Soon, at a bar: "You mean you've worked in Malabolge all your life, Grimke, and you've never seen the surface of your world?"

"That's life on Cryx under the Kündüke, boy."

Sir, you gave order to report any strangers..."





The three fugitives and the miner fled beyond the blaster's energy wall.

"Lord Akbrum, since your return from the Kündüke conference, a report has come in. We think it's Qrelon..."



The fugitives staggered into the Málaholge tunnels...



"That's what I'm looking for..."



The outlaw held up the fragment, strangely similar to another back on the Proteus...

"I hear guards coming!"



"Wryn, take this! Blaz, get them back to the Proteus. Grimke, you know about the shafts to the surface?"

"Sore, but we better hurry! The guards are getting closer!"



When Blaz, Wryn, and Grimke reached the transport hangar...

"Hurry, will you! There're more than one guard platoon after our tails!"

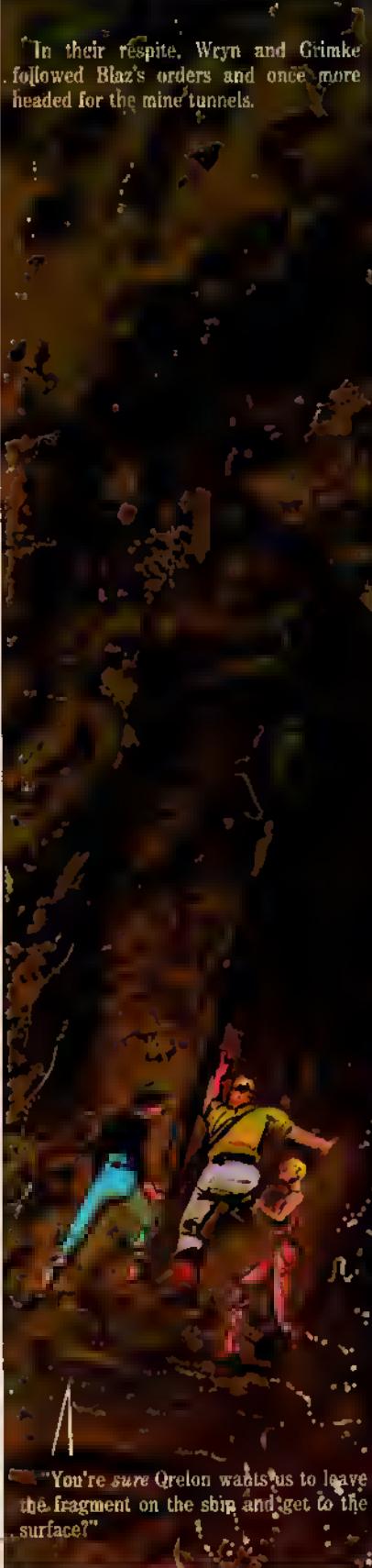
"Where's Qrelon? If the guards catch sight of this yacht..."

"Don't worry. The holographic projectors are still warm."

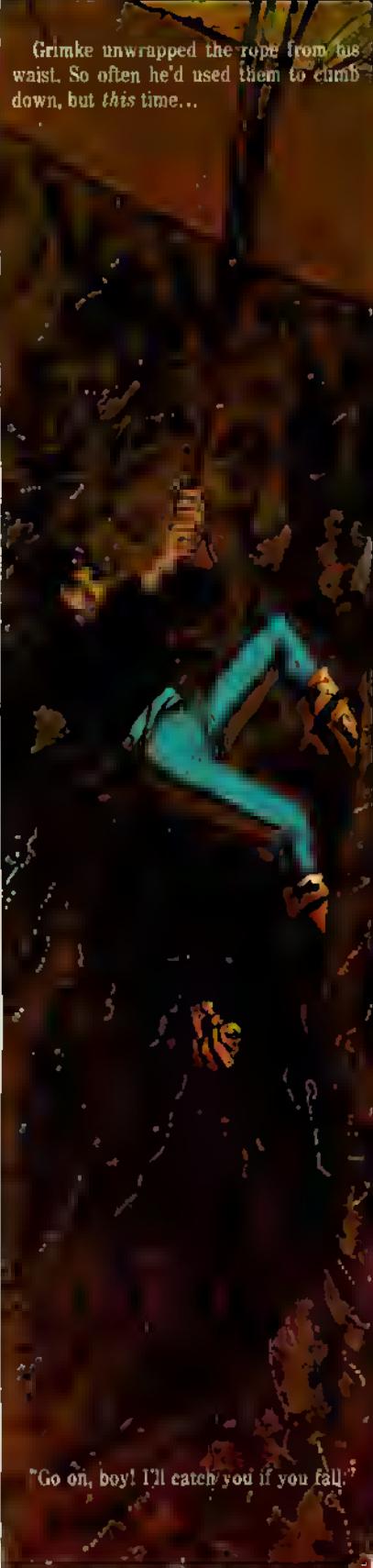
"...and the Yachtus adjusts its shape...."

"Nothing but big babies in this hangar. No way to tell them apart."

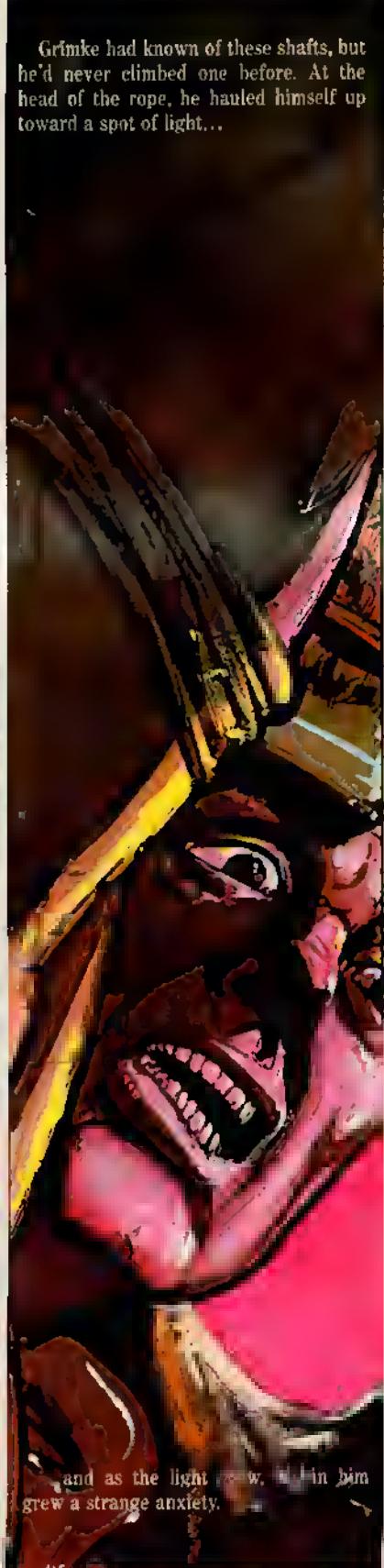
"Then let's start searching down there."



In their respite, Wrynn and Grimke followed Blaz's orders and once more headed for the mine tunnels.



Grimke unwrapped the rope from his waist. So often he'd used them to climb down, but this time...



Grimke had known of these shafts, but he'd never climbed one before. At the head of the rope, he hauled himself up toward a spot of light...

"You're *sure* Qrelon wants us to leave the fragment on the ship and get to the surface?"

"Go on, boy! I'll catch you if you fall!"

...and as the light grew, a wretchedness within him grew a strange anxiety.

"Qrelon! You must have come up one of the other shafts. What a sight for sore eyes!"



"It's good to see the three of you again, too!"

"This is your first trip all the way up. How do you like what *you* see, Grimke?"



But the miner's face grew more and more distressed, until suddenly he turned...



...back into the crevice...

...down to the familiar, the safe...

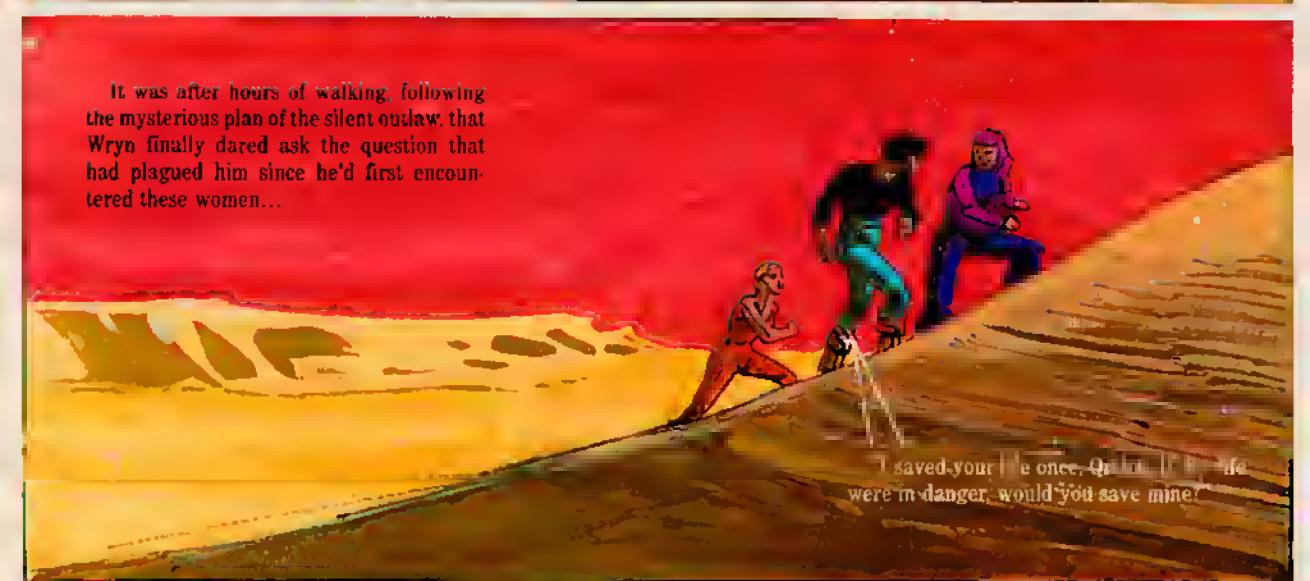
...to scramble down...

...down to the comforting darkness...

...down to Malabolge,



"Well, Grimke didn't sign on our adventure. He'll be happier below. And we have some walking to do."



It was after hours of walking, following the mysterious plan of the silent outlaw, that Wrynn finally dared ask the question that had plagued him since he'd first encountered these women...

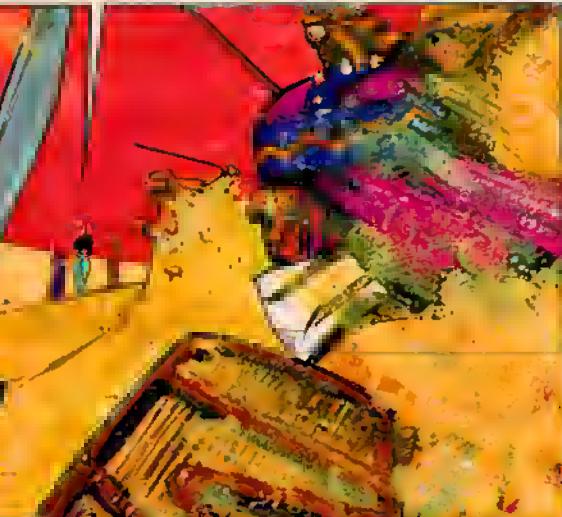
I saved your life once. Quid pro quo. If I'm in danger, would you save mine?



If it furthered my plan for revenge on the Kündüke, I'd save you; but if saving you hindered my plan in any way...

...I'd let you die in a minute.

"Those nomads, Qrelon! Maybe we'll *both* die now!"



"Qrelon, my sister in crime! As long as you hate the Kündüke, you are as a mother to me and as a daughter.

"And you still smell like a viperous desert-lizard in estrus. It's good to see you, Vibik."



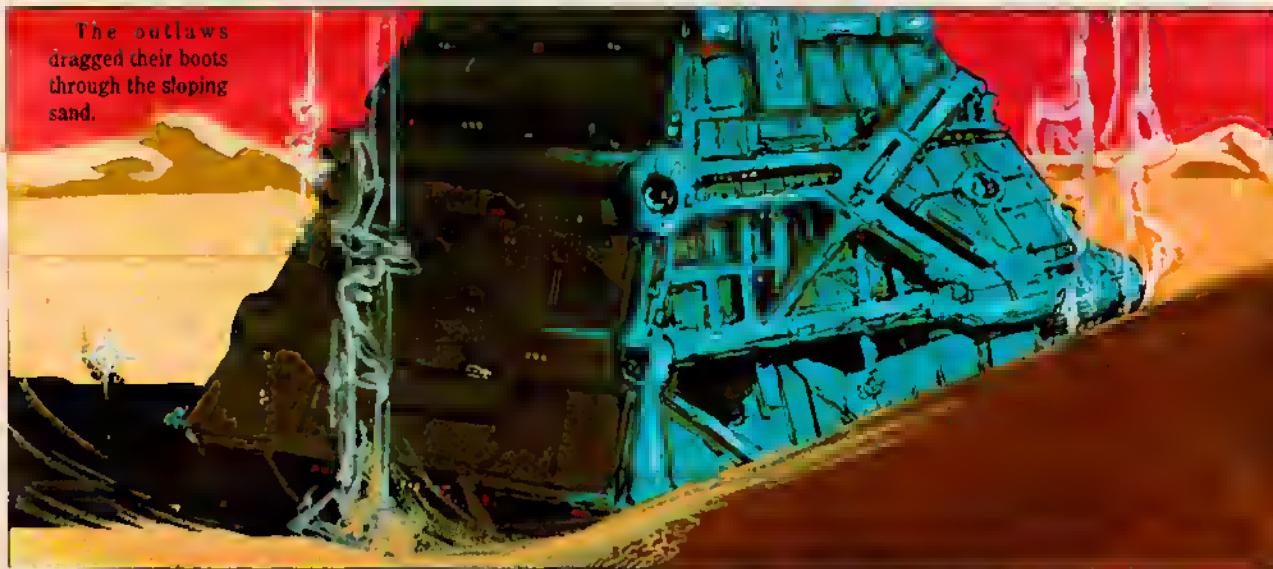
- Gladly, Qrelon—and I can show you shortcuts through these sands you'd never have found alone





"...That great pyramid—one of the Kunard liners—is a tourist ship that has landed here to watch the desert sunset."

The outlaws
dragged their boots
through the sloping
sand.



"Why do they want to watch sunset from here? I mean, in half an hour, even the most glorious sunset—"



"But you know nothing about the sands of this desert. At sunset, when the temperature lowers...."

"...a chemical change makes the sands suddenly crystallize!"



The tourists clustered at the liner's view-porch.



"Look! It's starting!"



Between the flickering spires and spears...

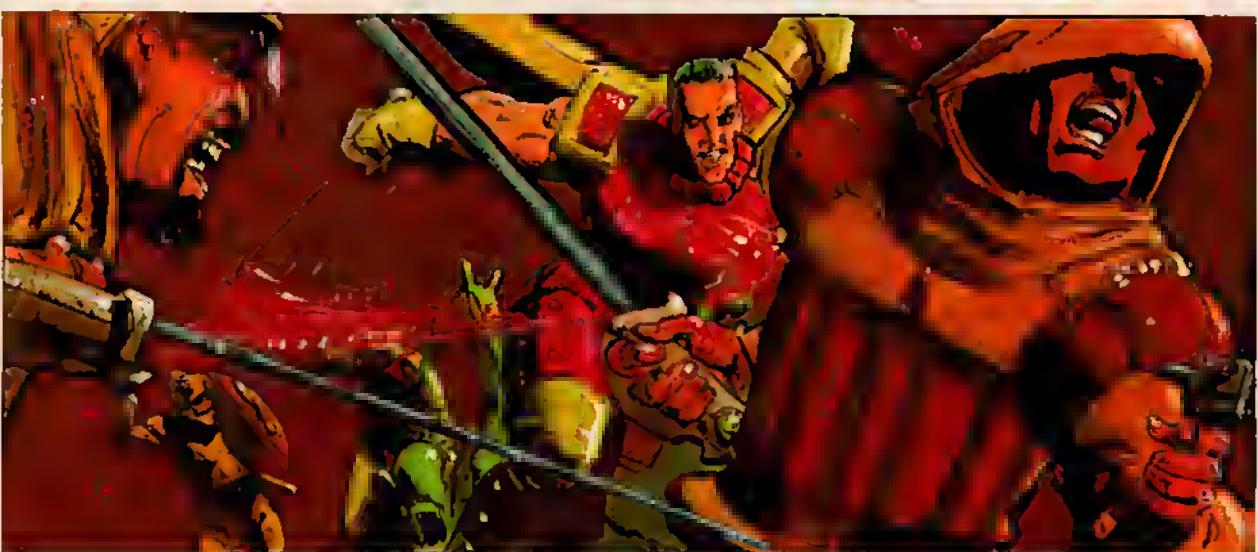


...Lord Akbrum's squealing desert-lizard powdered the dunes beneath jade claws.





Among efflorescent sand-shapes, a narrow-eyed Qrelon pulled out a silent blaster; and Vibik, howling loud as a lizard, heaved up his sword arm.



The nomads met Akbrom's troops with anger and steel.



Qrelon turned her weapon...



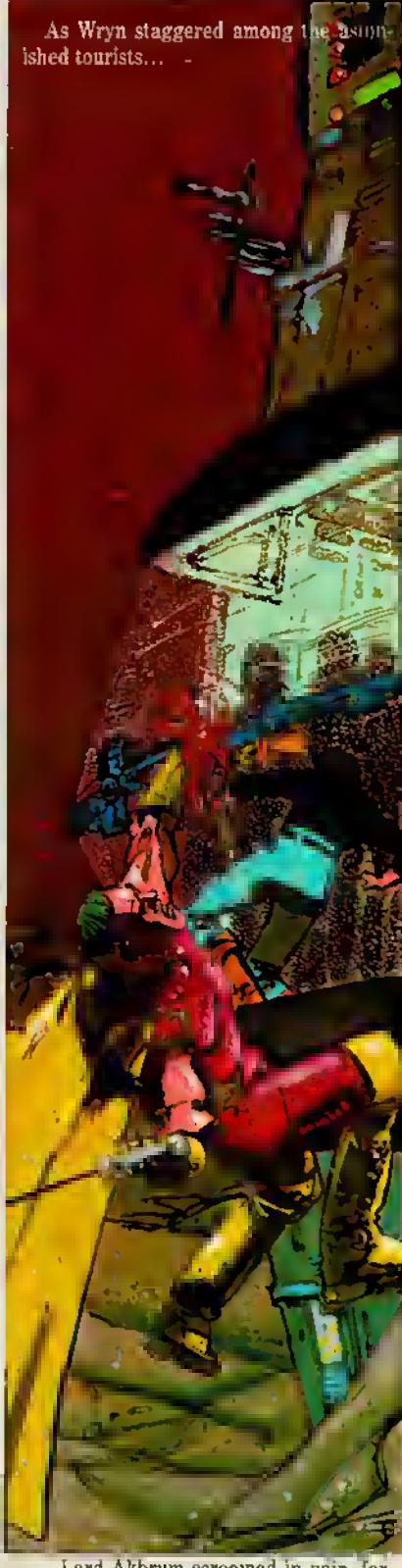
Wrynn scrambled through an open viewing porch on the liner's flank.



And while Lord Akbrum leaped after him...



"I think you're right, Captain. Sunsets are one thing, but local desert skirmishes are another. Attention: all porches closed! Prepare to take off!"



As Wrynn staggered among the dismasted tourists...

...Lord Akbrum screamed in pain, for the vitryl panels had severed, at a chop, flesh, nerve, blood, and bone.

As Lord Akbrum fell back to the crystallized sands, the liner's anti-gravity boosters began to whine above the battle din.



The ship's anti-gravity lifts were silent. Below, on the glittering sands, brawling shapes shouted, squealed, and cursed.

And at the liner's sealed viewporch:
"Greion! Blaz! I didn't mean to leave you!
I...!"

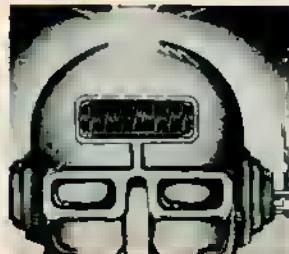


Wrynn was so upset that, for a moment, he didn't even feel the hand on his shoulder. Then...



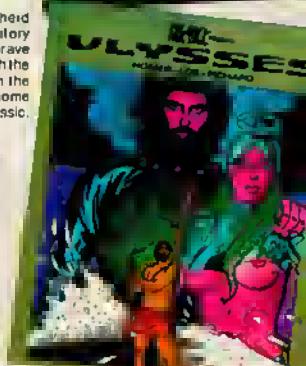
SURGICAL TACTICS

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PSYCHOROCK: Five stories by Sergio Macado that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords or the lairs of goddesses-groupies to the sound of pink rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Largoalze 11" by 9". \$3.95. HM4010

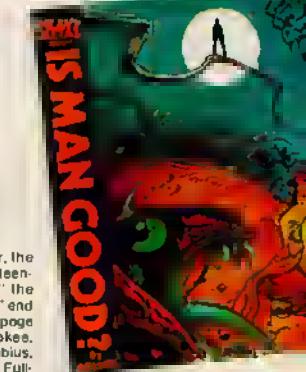
ULYSSES, PART I: Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the Homeric epic. The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color 9" x 11". \$6.95. HM4014



ARZACH: All four of the brilliant full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the men who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. \$6.95. HM4011



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HEILMAN

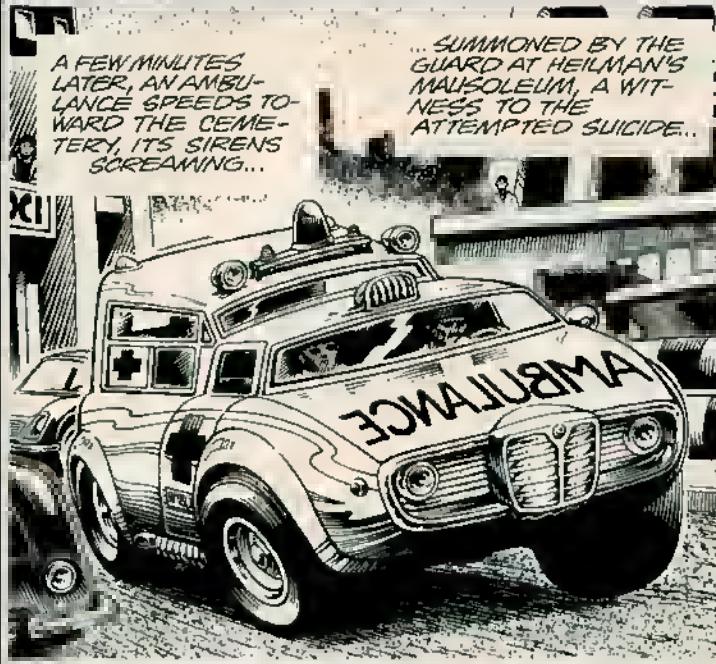
EPILOGUE...

AS A YOUNG FAN WEEPS AT THE IDOL'S TOMB, A PISTOL IN HIS HAND, HEILMAN, SEVERAL FEET BELOW GROUND, TRIES IN VAIN TO REVIVE HIS MORTAL REMAINS...



THE YOUNG GROUPIE'S GLANCE IS RIVETED TO THE SCREEN, WHERE NONSTOP FOOTAGE OF HEILMAN'S LIFE, SESSIONS, AND CONCERTS IS PROJECTED...





FORCED TO ADMIT THEIR DEFEAT,
THEY QUICKLY LEAVE THE OPERATING
ROOM, UNAWARE OF...



...THE PRESENCE OF A BEING—NONE
OTHER THAN HEILMAN'S GHOST—
BENDING OVER THE CORPSE OF
THE YOUNG FAN...



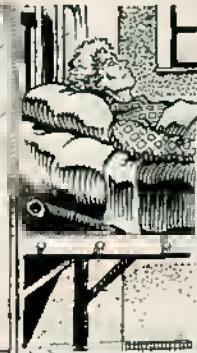
WHEN THE NURSE COMES TO PICK UP THE
CORPSE TO TAKE IT BACK TO THE MORGUE,
THEY NOTICE A RESPIRATORY MOVEMENT
LIFTING THE SHEET COVERING THE BODY...

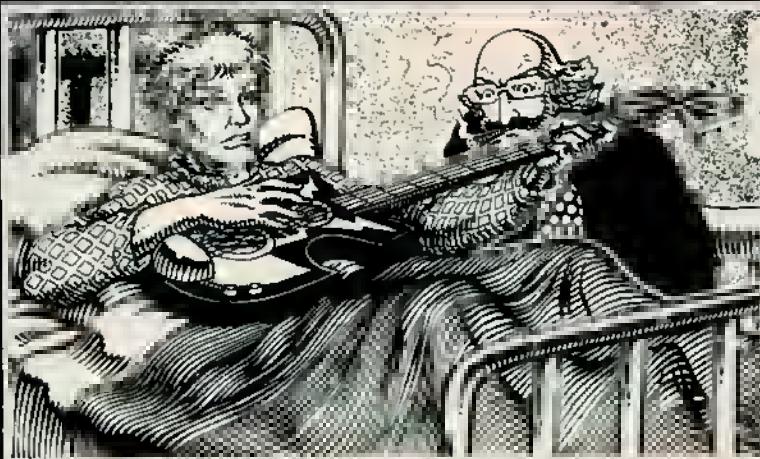


NEXT DAY, THIS NEWS ITEM APPEARS ON
PAGE EIGHT OF THE DAILY PAPER, AND
ATTRACTS THE INTEREST OF HEILMAN'S
FORMER MANAGER, ALWAYS ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR A QUICK BUCK...



MOVED BY FATE, OR
SENSING A WAY TO AUG-
MENT HIS BANK ACCOUNT,
HE PRESENTS HIM-
SELF AT THE HOS-
PITAL, OFFERING
THE YOUNG CON-
VALESCENT HIS
IDOL'S GUITAR...

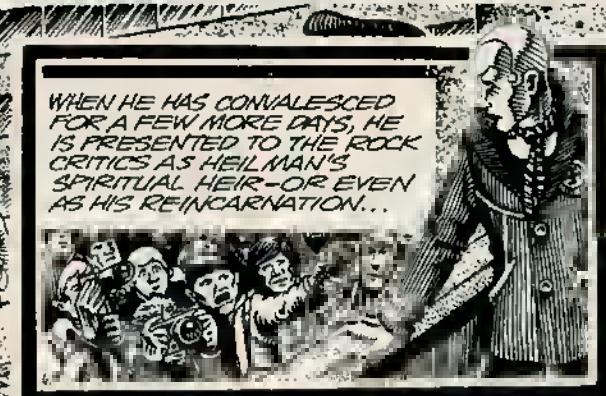




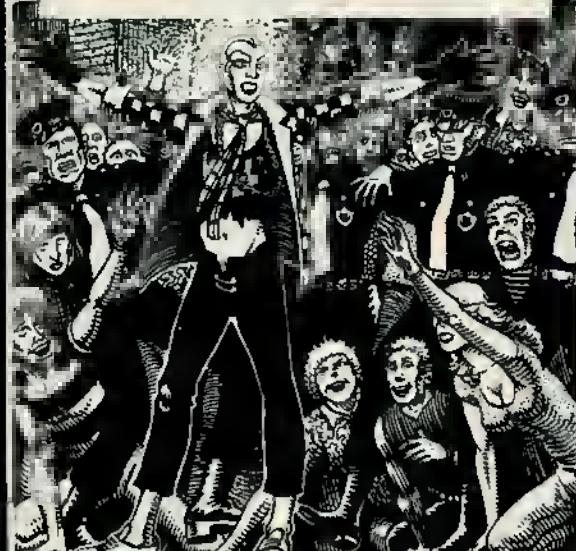
HAVING ADMITTED HIS INABILITY TO PLAY A SINGLE NOTE, HE NOW BEGINS TO PLAY HEILMAN'S RIFFS BENEATH THE GREEDY GAZE OF THE SHOW BUSINESSMAN



WHEN HE HAS CONVALESCED FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, HE IS PRESENTED TO THE ROCK CRITICS AS HEILMAN'S SPIRITUAL HEIR - OR EVEN AS HIS REINCARNATION...



IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHETHER IT IS A MYTH OR A PUBLICITY STUNT, FOR IN REALITY THE FASCINATION HE EXERCISES OVER THE CROWD IS THE WORK OF A SUPERNATURAL POWER...



...AT HIS FIRST CONCERT, EVEN HIS GROUP, THE ROCKBOTS, SEEM BE-WITCHED BY...



...A MYSTERIOUS MAGNETISM,
INDEFINABLE, BUT CLOSELY
ASSOCIATED WITH...

...AN IMPERCEPTIBLE
SHADOW HOVERING
ABOVE HEILMAN'S
SUCCESSOR...

...AND SUBTLY CONNECTED TO
A BLACK DIAMOND VIBRATING
CLOSE TO THE ROCKER'S
HEART... THE DIABOLICAL
HEART OF HANRAHAN!



THE HYSTERICAL MASSES
RUN TO THE BLACK
MASS CONCERTS, TO
BE VAMPIRIZED BY...

...THE BLACK
DEMON'S SLAVE,
NOW AND FOR-
EVER...



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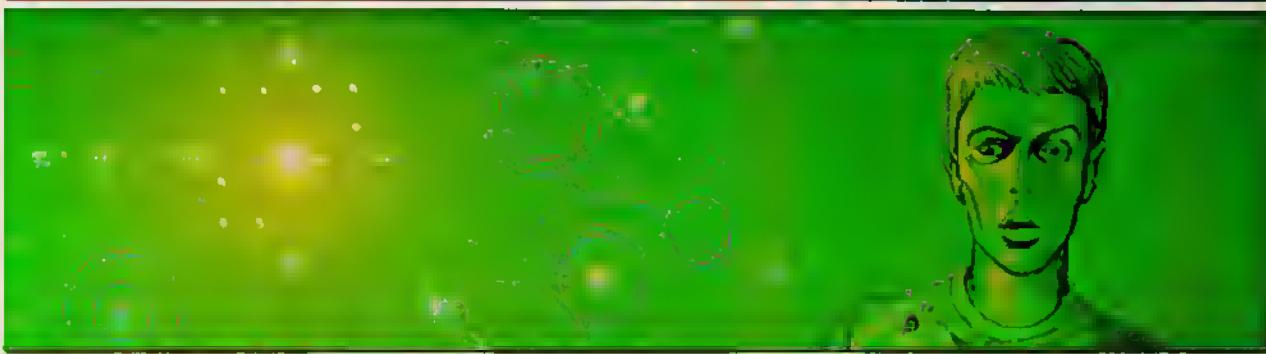
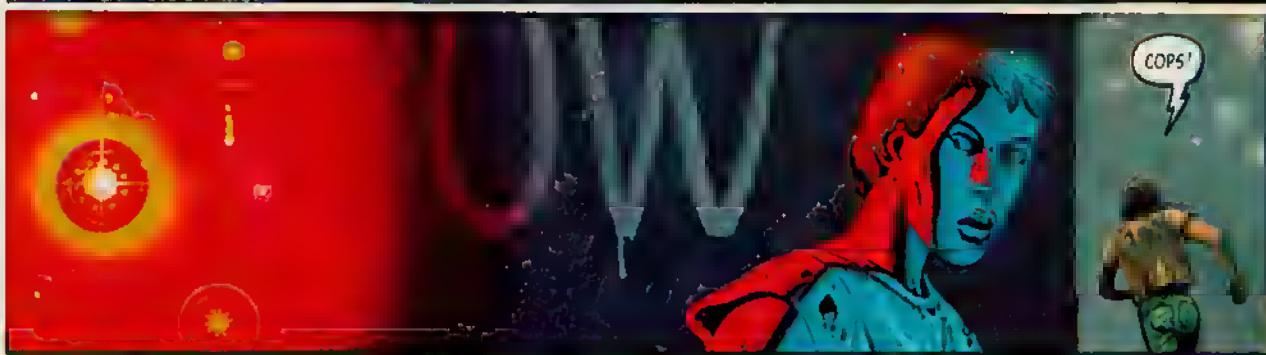
CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____



SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

EPISODE THE FIRST NIGHT AFTER TOUCHDOWN ON EARTH



LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE WORLD
IS TRYING TO MAKE A FAST
BUCK OUT OF US, TITAN





HOLY SHIT! LOOK AT THAT THING GO!



GREETINGS



PLEASE RELAX . LET YOUR MINDS GO BLANK...

WE BRING YOU STRANGE NEWS FROM A DISTANT STAR .

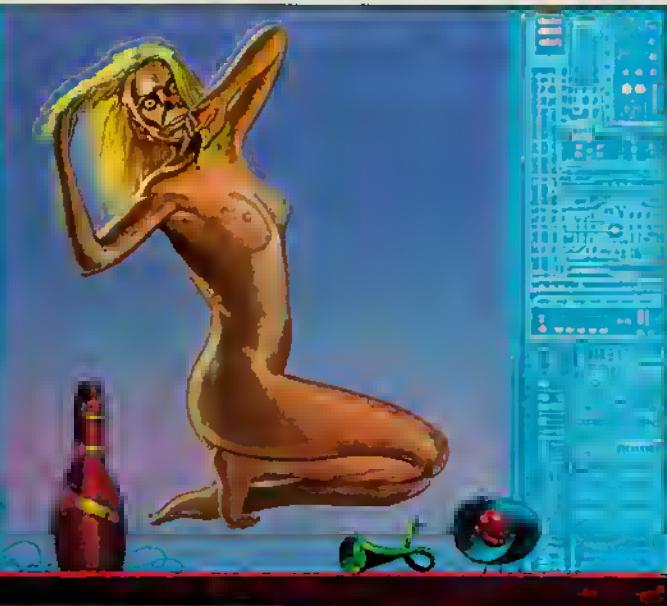
AND NOW...TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER...
LEVITATION, LITTLE PEOPLE, BLACK RAIN...

SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION, LEY LINES
AND MYSTERIOUS OOZINGS...



STIGMATA AND
INVISIBLE BARRIERS

AND, OF COURSE,
THE FEMALE BODY...



THERE IS A DEFINITE FOCUS HERE AND IT'S DEEP.
MUCH DEEPER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER
COME ACROSS BEFORE



PLANET WAVES TELL ME THAT YOU PAID
THE PRICE OF SOLITUDE.. BUT THAT
NOW YOU ARE OUT OF DEBT



I AM NOW CLINGING TO THE EDGE...THE UTMOST LIMIT...



LOOK UP IN THE SKY...

THE SAME BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS WILL BE OBSERVED
BY THE DEAF AS LIGHTNING...

AND BY THE BLIND
AS THUNDER

COME ON IN, THE
AIR IS LOVELY

YOU CAN FLY, TOO, IF
YOU REALLY WANT

THE OPTIMIST PROCLAIMS THAT WE LIVE
IN THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS...

THE PESSIMIST FEARS
THAT THIS IS SO

WOMEN ARE SILVER DISHES INTO WHICH
WE PUT GOLDEN APPLES

LIFE IS THE ART OF DRAWING SUFFICIENT CONCLUSIONS
FROM INSUFFICIENT PREMISES

BOF

MAN IS IMPRISONED IN A
CAGE OF MIRRORS.
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT?

QUID RIDES? MUTATO NOMINE DE TE
FABULA NARRATEUR

OUR FRIENDS ARE PUTTING ON A...ER...
SPECTACULAR SHOW I WONDER WHAT
THE EARTH-PEOPLE ARE MAKING OF IT ALL

ACTORS! THEY'RE THE SAME
ALL OVER THE GALAXY! THEY
JUST HAVE TO BE THE CENTER
OF ATTENTION. TOTALLY
INSECURE, TOTALLY INSECURE

YOU RETURNED SOONER THAN I ANTICIPATED.
THE EARTH-PEOPLE HAVE FREE ACCESS TO
THE LOWER BAYS AS YOU INSTRUCTED AND
I HAVE INFORMED THEM OF THEIR
RIGHT UNDER GALACTIC BYLAW...

FREE PASSAGE TO ANY
PORT OF CALL ON OUR
FLIGHT PATH

THIS IS CRAZY, JOE. WE CAN'T JUST UP AN'
GO TO ALPHA CENTAURI! MY WIFE IS
EXPECTING ME HOME AT FIVE-THIRTY!

GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WELCOME ABOARD SPACESHIP ICARUS.
IF THE THOUGHT OF FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN WORRIES YOU WE
ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY

BELIEVE ME, ED. IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST.
ANDROMEDA IS THE ONLY SAFE
PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE MAFIA.

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT
ABOUT THIS. IF WE GET
TO ORION AND FIND OUT
WE'RE NOT ENTITLED TO
WELFARE...

LOOK AT THEM, TITAN, EARTH'S REJECTS, THE DEADBEATS,
DROPOUTS, DRUG ADDICTS, PILOTS, AND PROSTITUTES.
THE PETTY THIEVES, GAMBLERS, AND ALCOHOLICS... ALL
ON THE RUN FROM THEIR DARK, SECRETEIVE PAST LIVES.

GEE! I JUST
LOVE THOSE
TENTACLES.
ARE THEY ARMS
OR LEGS?!

JUST DEPENDS... WHAT DO
YOU DESIRE THEM TO BE?

GIGGLE

... AND WHEN I SAW THE
LIGHTS, I KNEW THAT I
WAS FINALLY, TRULY
LIBERATED

THAT'S
COOL,
BABE

HEY THERE. YOU'RE
A CUTE LITTLE FELLA

I LIKE YOU

ZZIT. ZZ
ZIT! ZIT!

THAT'S A VERY STRANGE SOUND.
I THINK THEY WOULD REALLY GO
FOR THAT IN THE SMALL
MEGALLANIC CLOUD

IT DON'T SURPRISE ME NONE, MAN!
BLUES HARMONICA IS A
UNIVERSAL TONGUE



...SO I JUST UP AN' VAMOOSED...
BRIGANDS DEMAND YOUR MONEY OR
YOUR LIFE. WOMEN REQUIRE BOTH

MY WIFE RAN OFF WITH
MY BEST FRIEND

DON'T WORRY, I GOT MY REVENGE...
I LET HIM KEEP HER

HA HA HA!!



THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE
BUT WHAT IT IS AIN'T EXACTLY CLEAR
GIMME ANOTHER BODDIL,
BARTENDER!

I'M GOING UP TO THE BRIDGE. ANYBODY
WHO WANTS TO WAVE GOOD-BYE
TO EARTH IS WELCOME TO COME

WAVE GOOD-BYE??
YEAH. I'D LIKE
TO DO THAT

IF MY THOUGHT-DREAMS COULD
BE SEEN, THEY'D PROBABLY
PUT MY HEAD IN A
GUILLOTINE



GOOD-BYE! GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR
BELIEVED MOTHER EARTH!

WHEN DO WE LIFTOFF
ANYWAY?

COME AND LOOK,
MY DEAR...

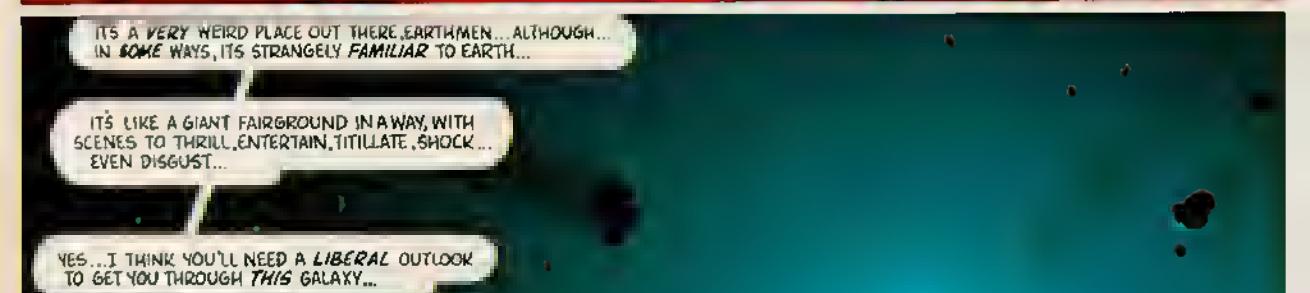




WE LEFT EARTH TEN MINUTES AGO.
SAY YOUR LAST FAREWELLS.



JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST
A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF AIMLESS WANDERING IN HERE



IT'S A VERY WEIRD PLACE OUT THERE, EARTH MEN... ALTHOUGH...
IN SOME WAYS, IT'S STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO EARTH...



IT'S LIKE A GIANT FAIRGROUND IN A WAY, WITH
SCENES TO THRILL, ENTERTAIN, TITILLATE, SHOCK...
EVEN DISGUST...

YES... I THINK YOU'LL NEED A LIBERAL OUTLOOK
TO GET YOU THROUGH THIS GALAXY...

TO BE CONTINUED...

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

By Eric Walker



Featuring interviews
with 25 beautiful girls!

GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you exactly how to pick up girls. It guarantees you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxuriant blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof*!!! You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master:

- How to be sexy
- Best places to pick up girls
- How to make shyness work for you
- Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking
- How to talk dirty seductively
- Why girls get horny
- Fifty great opening lines
- The greatest pick up techniques in the world.
- Why women are dying to get picked up
- How to get women to pick you up

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—in their very own words—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick her up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, you'll be the one who knows how to move into action. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only \$8.95—less than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much more of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!



IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT LOVER WOMEN CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL; A Picture Book of Love. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with.

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HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL contains over 160 photos—each one just as clear and exciting as the photograph above. These photographs are large, beautiful, and incredibly frank. They show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on a woman. And today that's more important than ever before. After all, today a woman expects a lot from a man. By the time she's twenty she's probably been in bed with at least half a dozen guys. So she knows when someone's a good lover...and when he's not so good.

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- The techniques of touch
- Stimulating a woman
- Building feminine passion
- The building of sexual power
- Special sexual motions
- Dozens of exotic positions
- How to take off her clothes
- Rocking motions
- The magic of Warm Baths
- Building sexual control
- Best ways to generate passion
- And hundreds of other fantastic techniques, most of them illustrated with truly luscious photographs

Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!!!! HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL will teach you how to thrill women so intensely, they'll see it in your eyes, recognize it in your walk.

So just don't think about ordering THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE. Really go ahead and do it. Right now. After all, in just one week it can turn you into such a vibrant, exciting lover, women will look at you in a whole new light.

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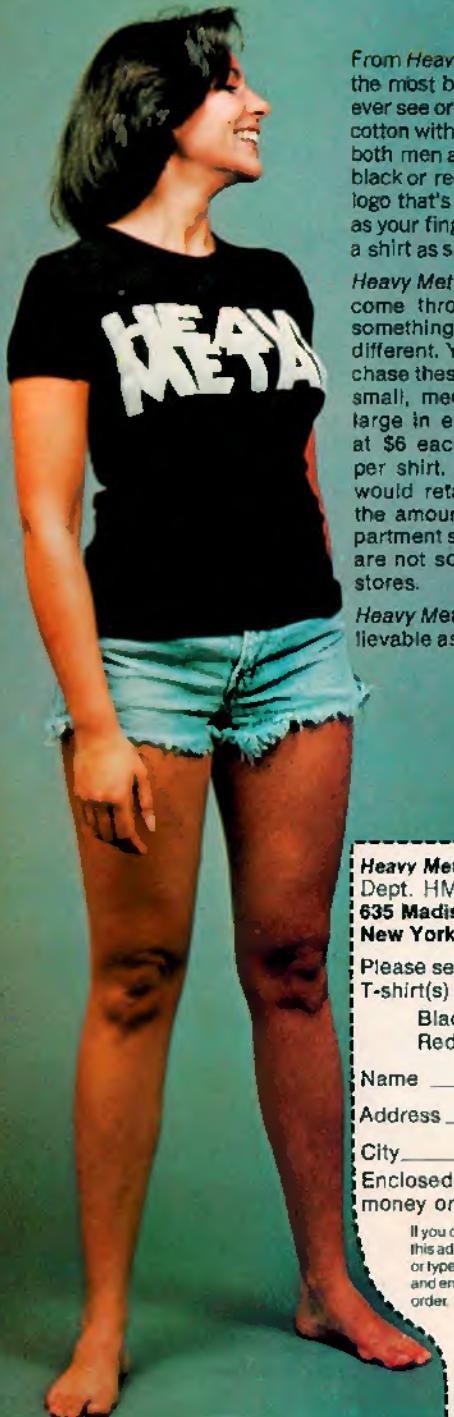
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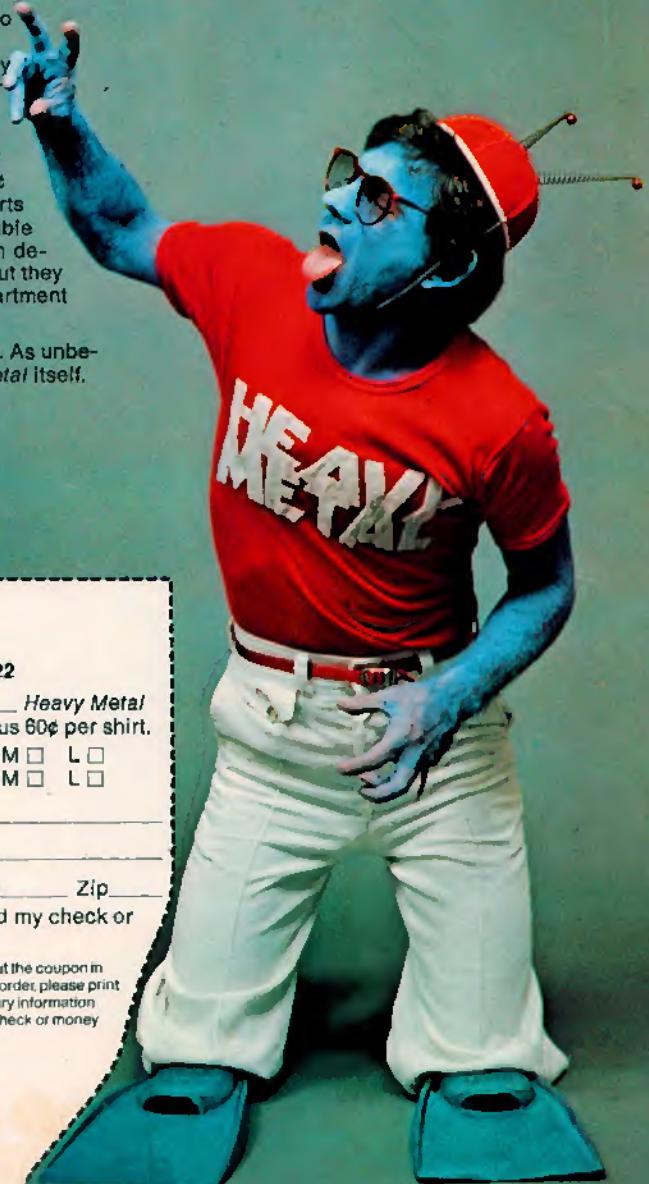
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